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Brian Crozier on
Why I Love Chernenko
—see page 21

NATIONAL REVIEW

What Ronald Reagan doesn't know about his own achievements

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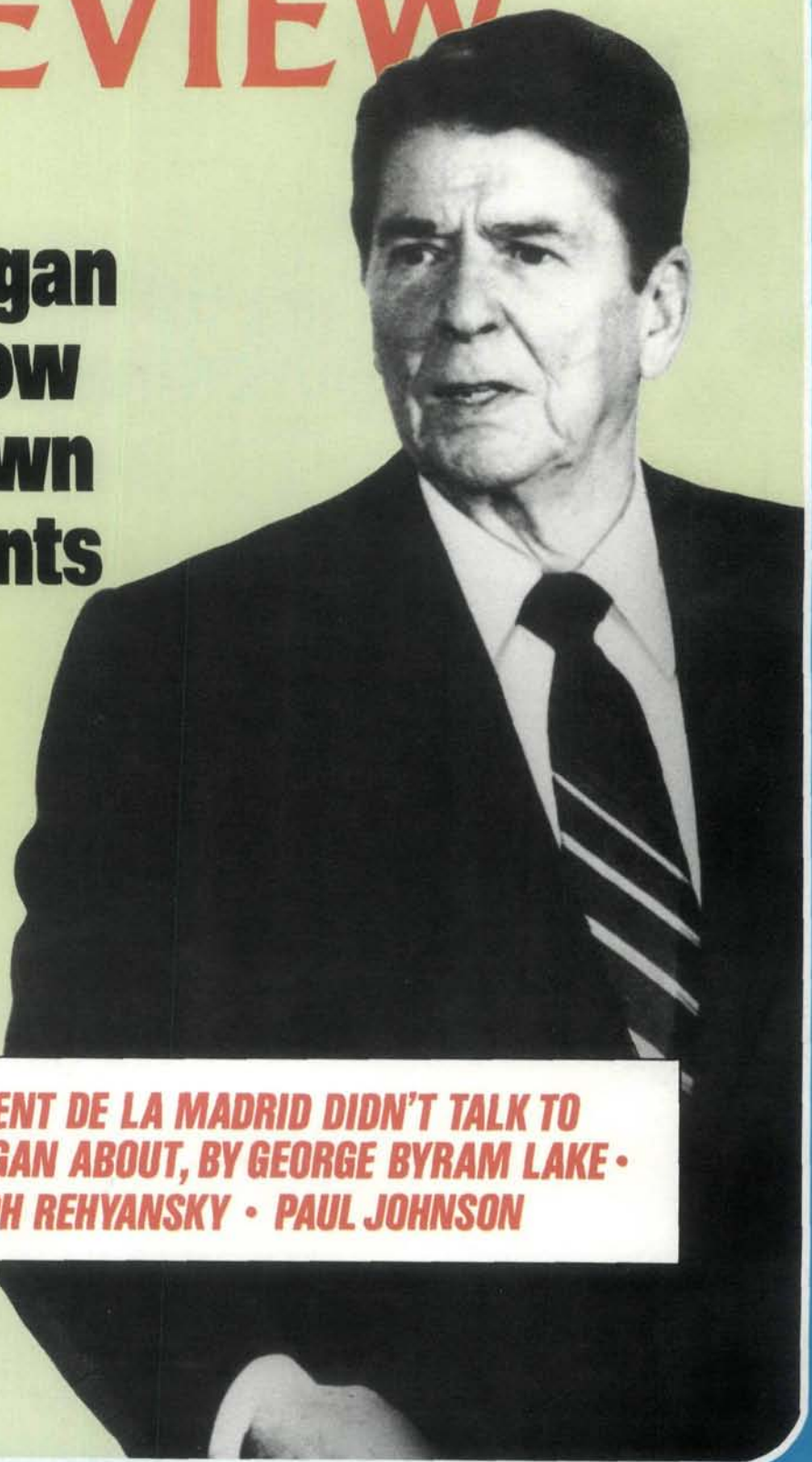

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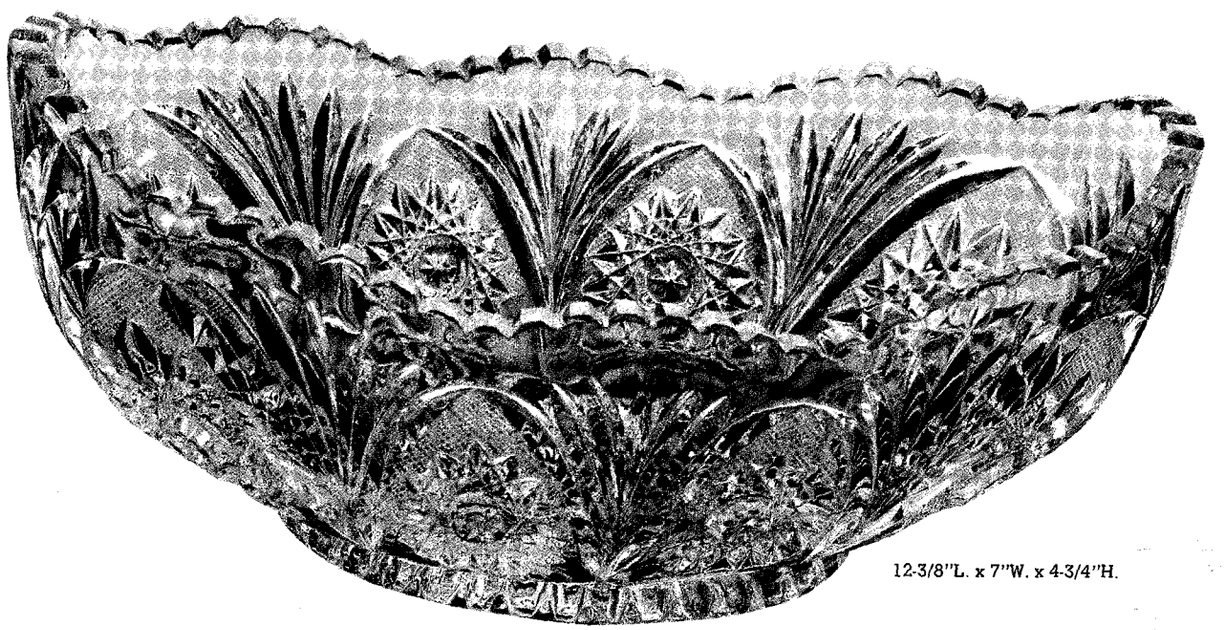

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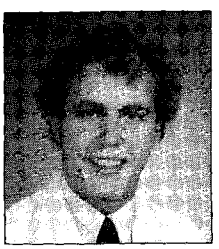
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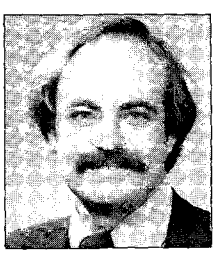
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LETTERS

No Jam for the Bishops

I think John Tagg is 100 per cent right about what the bishops see and what they miss ["Breakfast with the Bishops," June 15], but there's yet another layer of irony that he doesn't bring to the surface. The shape of the world today, as he says—a world in which a number of societies have, although at the expense of lowering the heights, raised the standard of living, security, and freedom at the bottom and middle ends of the spectrum to a level a fourteenth-century man would have found literally unbelievable—is what the bishops miss. And yet this novelty of our conditions of everyday life, which the bishops fail to notice, is precisely what allows them to fantasize as they do about the novelty of the danger we are in. The oldest of the bishops belong to the first generation that could actuarially *expect* to live past three score and ten. And the youngest of them belong to the first generation in which children could *expect* that all their siblings and playmates would live to grow up. In short, ours is a time when to many people—even, it appears, to bishops—death itself has come to seem unusual, and therefore unnecessary, and therefore (isn't this the next step?) preventable.

Oremus.

Laura di Stefano
Baltimore, Md.

On Justice Brennan's Mind

Thank you for the timely and insightful article on Justice William Brennan ["The Mind of Justice Brennan," May 18]. As a lone supporter of the doctrine of judicial restraint in a law-school class of willful constitutional manipulators, I have on several occasions attacked Justice Brennan's constitutional decisions, which are, as Messrs. Markman and Regnery pointed out, not only thinly veiled judicial legislation, but also legally unsound to a surprising degree.

The late Justice Frankfurter, while personally embracing many of the same social policies as Justice Brennan, had the judicial integrity to realize that he could not enact his own social agenda into law. Perhaps Justice Brennan would do well to remember Justice Frankfurter's dissent in *West Virginia State Board of Education* v. *Barnette*: "It can never be emphasized too much that one's own opinion about the wisdom or evil of a law should be excluded altogether when one is doing one's duty on the bench. The only opinion of our own even looking in that direction that is material is our opinion whether legislators could in reason have enacted such a law."

Andrew Benson
Poland, Me.

Careful reading of Stephen J. Markman and Alfred S. Regnery's essay brings me to the conclusion, which I am sure is not the one the authors sought, that Mr. Justice Brennan should have become President years ago.

We need many more people like Brennan. I base that on taking each word in the essay as truth.

Marvin Beard
Nags Head, N.C.

Seabrook's Nukes

As a resident of Seabrook, I read with interest your comments concerning nuclear power ["The Week," May 18] and, while totally supportive of your position on the subject, I will criticize the article to the extent that it fails to mention our governor, John Sununu. There has been no lack of political will on this man's part. He has pretty much put his political future on the line for just the reasons you advance.

Edward M. Reusch
Seabrook, N.H.

I read with great interest your editorial on the financial problems of Public Service of New Hampshire—especially the part about the cost of electricity generated by nuclear power. While I can't argue with you on a national basis, there are a couple of small points that seem to have escaped your research team regarding this particular case.

1. Public Service *itself* (with the usual PR sensitivity of Attila the Hun) announced yesterday that when Seabrook I begins producing power, my electric bill will go up by somewhere between 100 per cent and 200 per cent! Since we are *already* paying slightly more than 10 cents per kilowatt-hour, this projects to somewhere between 20 cents and 30 cents. Where did you get 3.1 cents?

2. Since the above projections are derived from an overnight 25 per cent decrease in cost projection, which was miraculously achieved the day after the

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When a former aide to Hubert Humphrey writes a book about liberal hypocrisy, that's news. When her book digs deep, down to the very roots of the liberal worldview, that's IMPORTANT

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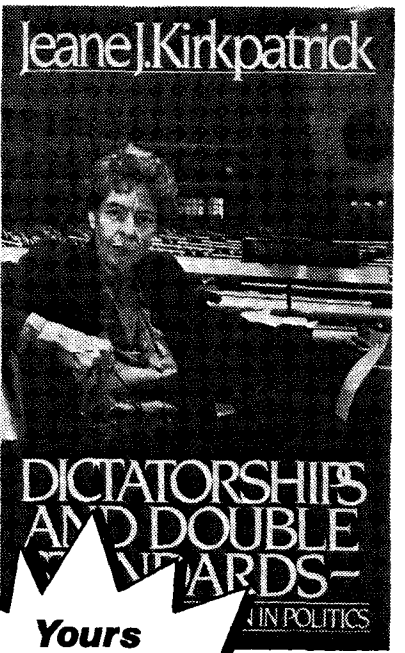

Have you been reading about how the liberals still buried in the State Department keep sniping at Ambassador Kirkpatrick? They spread vicious rumors, lose no opportunity to wield the stiletto. They want the lady out of the way.

Small wonder, when she says things like . . .

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- "The failure of the Carter administration's foreign policy is now clear to everyone except its architects, and even they must entertain private doubts from time to time about a policy whose crowning achievement was to lay the groundwork for a transfer of the Panama Canal."
- "Assisting 'change' did not lead the Carter administration to undertake the destabilization of a *Communist* country. The principles of self-determination and nonintervention are thus both selectively applied. We accepted the status quo in Communist nations (in the name of 'diversity' and national autonomy), but not in nations ruled by 'right wing' dictators or white oligarchies."

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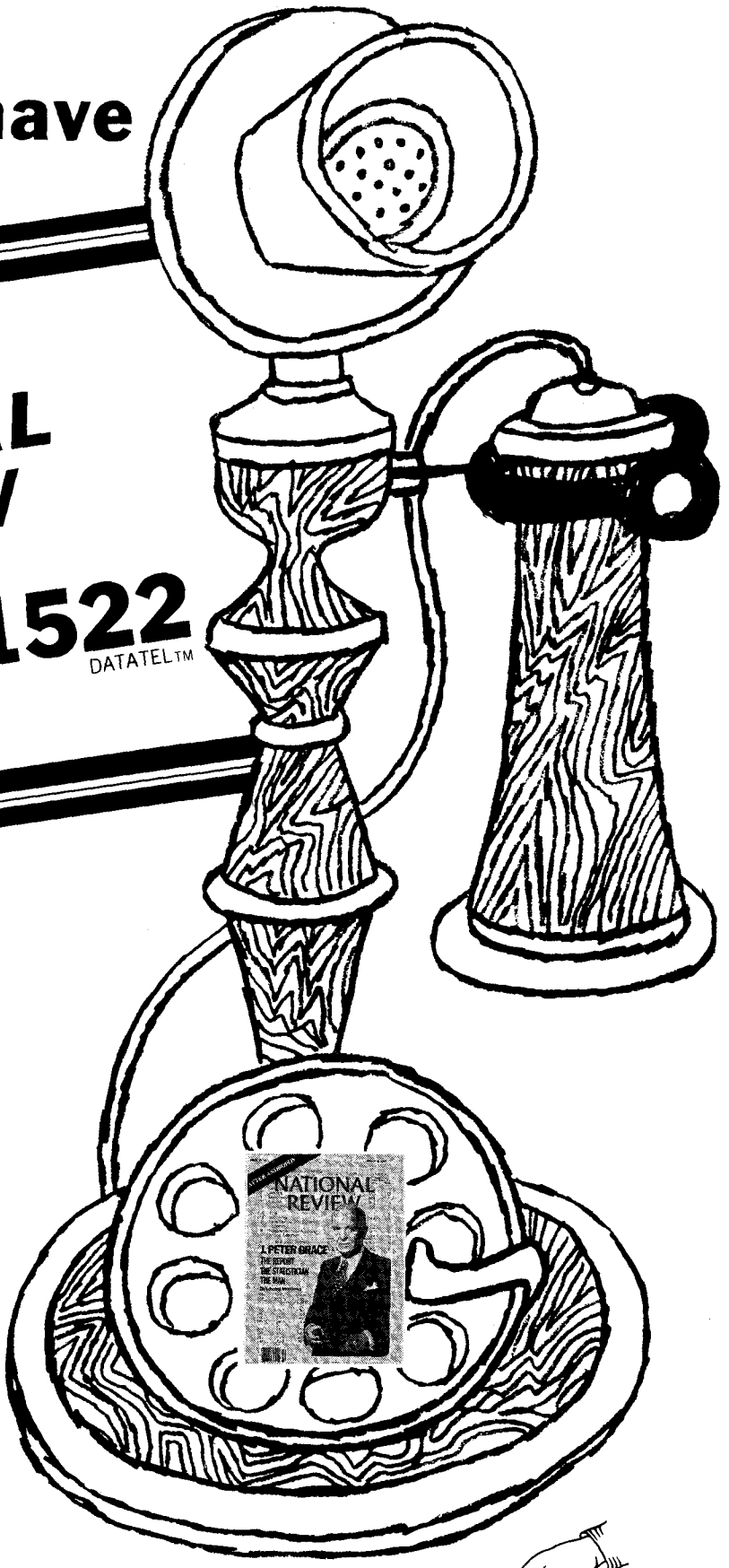

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word "bankruptcy" was first mentioned, you will have to excuse me for just a *little* touch of doubt.

3. If, God forbid, Seabrook II is ever completed, you might reasonably expect the above to *more* than double.

Now, strangely enough, I am not an anti-nuke kook. As a matter of fact, I completely agree that nukes can be both safe and efficient.

I hope, though, that you'll excuse me for being uncomfortable, or even a little frightened, at the prospect of my $70 home electric bill becoming somewhere between $140 and $350 a month.

In short, you missed the whole point: which is that PSNH has been sticking it to us so hard and for so long that it really believed it could do *anything*.

Al Yeager
Portsmouth, N.H.

The figure of 3.1 cents per kilowatt-hour is a national average, and it only covers generating costs. It is indeed cheaper than the generating costs for coal and oil. But other costs go into the bill, including capital costs—which, when a plant is as seriously delayed as Seabrook, go out of sight. The chief cause of delays is environmentalist scrupulosity, usually amounting to pure harassment. Thus, when anti-nukes attack nuclear power as a burden on rate-payers, they are sometimes right, having themselves made it so. —RSB

Mrs. Collins Replies

As chairwoman of the House Government Activities and Transportation Subcommittee, I would like to comment on your February 24 "Letter from Washington" regarding the National Endowment for the Humanities and the stance of the chairman, William Bennett, regarding the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission guidelines.

Under the law, two statutes apply to *all* federal agencies in the executive branch. Section 717 of Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act forbids discrimination in employment, with the EEOC empowered to enforce this law. This statute was amended in 1972 to include all federal-sector employees.

The second statute which applies is Section 310 of the Civil Service Reform Act of 1978 regarding affirmative-action programs. It requires that *all* federal agencies try to achieve what would be a representation of minorities, but women are also included in actual practice of this law. This program specifically states that the ultimate goal of hiring in the Federal Government should be to "achieve representation," which means priorities or percentages of employees in each job category that minority comprises of the total labor force.

It does not set up any goals. It doesn't call for a percentage of equality on the basis of the civilian work force. Instead the statute calls for the full utilization of *qualified* people.

Federal agencies are not seeking quotas at the NEH or anywhere else. They are seeking instead goals, pursued in a good-faith effort.

Hiring quotas are used only on a temporary basis—by a federal agency—and must be considered by the courts as the best way to redress a past wrong.

Along with the members of the subcommittee staff, I am equally baffled by Cato's reference to a mysterious list of "56 questions." Anne Gwaltney, of the NEH congressional-affairs office, confesses equal wonder, since her office handled the inquiry. In the course of any conversation, many questions are asked and promptly answered within the same phone call. Perhaps that is the concept the writer was referring to and just happened to pick the number "56" out of the air. The call was not arbitrary, since the subcommittee has congressional oversight over this agency, and the investigation was a routine follow-up to an article in the *Washington Post*. It was instigated by the subcommittee, not by the Congressional Black Caucus, of which I am a past chairwoman.

Cardiss Collins
Washington, D.C.

Disappearing Act

I got a kick out of your crack about a possible future meeting between Gary Hartpence and Anthony Wedgwood Benn ["The Week," April 6]. Mr. Buckley has noted over the years the gradual whittling of the latter's name: first the dropping of "Viscount Stansgate"; then the dropping of the middle name; then the foreshortening of Anthony.

I have been keeping track of a similar whittling of his biography, as measured by his *Who's Who* entries. For example, the 1969-70 entry includes the information: "*Educ.:* Westminster School; New Coll., Oxford, M.A. 1949." By 1974-75, it reads: "*Educ.:* still in progress." And lo and behold, the 1980-81 edition has no entry at all for Tony Benn. The only remaining trace, lingering Cheshire Cat-like among the S's, is: "Stansgate, Viscountcy of (*cr.* 1942, of Stansgate); title disclaimed by 2nd Viscount."

Would the politician himself were as evanescent as his identity.

Betty Henderson
Whittier, Calif.

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FOR THE RECORD

Now talk among Democratic pols is how to put Humpty-Dumpty together again. *Washington Post* rundown indicates doubt that it can be done. Former **Carter** aide **Hamilton Jordan** thinks **Ronald Reagan** can be beaten but adds: "I'm not so sure that as a party we've left ourselves, or the candidates have left us, in a very good position to do that. I hope to hell I'm wrong." . . . Gov. **Bruce Babbitt** of Arizona was even more dismal: "I think what we have left is a pudding without a theme." . . . Former Democratic National Committee Chairman **Robert Strauss** feels problem is compounded by Reagan's political skills. "That guy," he says, "could go through a car wash in a convertible and not get wet." . . . Atlanta Mayor **Andrew Young**'s suggestion for unifying the party is a **Mondale-Hart** ticket running on a **Jesse Jackson** platform. . . . But that brings up problems with the Jewish community. **Nathan Perlmutter** of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith has called on DNC Chairman **Charles Manatt** to disavow Jackson or lose a large part of the Jewish vote. Manatt says he will not disavow Jesse or—in a moment of candor on *Meet the Press*—"the millions of new voters he's bringing into the process." . . . Going into mega-Tuesday, Hart's *A New Democracy* had slipped to ninth place on *Washington Post*'s best-seller list. Any bets it will be on the list next Sunday?

At other levels, mega-Tuesday Democratic primaries went mostly to left-most candidates. In South Dakota, **George Cunningham**, a former **McGovern** aide, will oppose Republican Sen. **Larry Pressler** in November. . . . In New Mexico, the well-to-the-left-of-center **Judy Pratt** will take on Republican Sen. **Pete Domenici**. . . . Former Gov. **William Winter** of Mississippi will run against Republican Sen. **Thad Cochran** (who is, at moment, well ahead in polls), and a black state representative, **Robert Clark**, has won Democratic nomination in Mississippi's newly redistricted 2nd CD. He could become Mississippi's first black member of Congress since Reconstruction. . . . **John D. Rockefeller IV**, some million personal campaign dollars later, has won West Virginia Democratic senatorial primary for seat Sen. **Jennings Randolph** is relinquishing. . . . Rockefeller's long-time GOP rival, former Gov. **Arch Moore**, is running for governor this year, and favored to win. (Moore says the reason he didn't go for Senate is that he's tired "of running against Fort Knox.") . . . In New Jersey, Mayor **Mary Mochary** of Montclair won opportunity to face a toughie, Sen. **Bill Bradley**, by defeating former Internal Security chief counsel **Robert Morris** in GOP primary. . . . And Block Islanders voted overwhelmingly to secede from Rhode Island unless the state permits them to control the use of mopeds on the island.

Other races: There'll be a recount in that Texas runoff that **Lloyd** ("call me Landslide") **Doggett** won against Rep. **Kent Hance** by fewer than five hundred out of a million votes. Prognosis: It will be easier for Republican **Phil Gramm** to beat Doggett, a liberal, than Hance, a fellow Boll Weevil. . . . Sen. **Roger Jepsen** has won distinction as most-endangered GOP senator. Latest *Des Moines Register* poll shows him trailing Rep. **Tom Harkin** 36 to 52 per cent. . . . Jepsen succeeds **Jesse Helms**, whose latest polls show him eight points ahead of Gov. **James Hunt**. . . . *Boston Globe* poll shows **Elliot Richardson** running 16 points ahead of **Ray Shamie**, but *Globe* says those figures could narrow as race intensifies. . . . According to **Kevin Phillips**, Democratic Rep. **Jim Jones**, chairman of influential Budget Committee, is on shaky ground this year. Of two Republicans battling to take him on in Oklahoma, **Frank Keating** seems to be leading former Energy Department aide **Tom Cantrell** in a rather fragmentary Opinion Research poll. Primary is late, August 28.

Shailo, London *Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

"Looks as if the Third World banking-rescue package has to start in Illinois."

Olympics Countdown: At June 2 closing date for entries, 141 nations had signed up for Los Angeles event, the largest number since Munich Olympics in 1972. Fourteen Communist states have pulled out, including Cuba but not Nicaragua. In 1980, 53 countries followed U.S. in boycotting Moscow Olympics. . . . There's no let-up in new post-**Andropov** Soviet hard line. For instance, this from Foreign Minister **Andrei Gromyko** to Italian Foreign Minister **Giulio Andreotti**: that if Italy continues to accept U.S. Pershings and cruises "we will turn Italy into a Pompeii." . . . **Nikolai** and **Nadezhda Pankov**, who wrote **Konstantin Chernenko** a congratulatory note upon his accession and reminded him that they had requested permission to emigrate, are now in a psychiatric hospital taking treatment for their "nerves." . . . French Communist leader **Georges Marchais** has warned Kremlin that if anything fatal happens to the **Sakharovs** the French Party may break with Moscow.

As we go to press there's no report on how the California proposition that would ban liars from holding public office fared.

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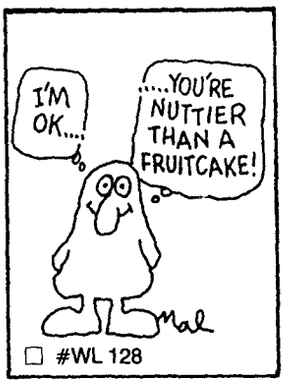
SUMMERTIME IS THE TIME FOR T-SHIRTS BY Mal



☐ #WL 128

WILLY

- ☐ #WL 101 "What bureaucratic nightmare should I perpetuate today?"
- ☐ #WL 102 "I wish my life had more "thrill of victory" and less "agony of defeat"
- ☐ #WL 103 "Since I am without sin, I will cast the first stone!"
- ☐ #WL 105 "Some days I have difficulty coping"
- ☐ #WL 107 "I am the master of my fate!"
- ☐ #WL 117 "I have a very fruitful mind"
- ☐ #WL 114 "Lately I'm finding fewer and fewer reasons for maintaining my sanity"
- ☐ #WL 125 "Look at me" (I crave attention)

WILMA

- ☐ #WM 138 "I'm listed in the yellow pages under lonely"
- ☐ #WM 140 "Isn't love wonderful"

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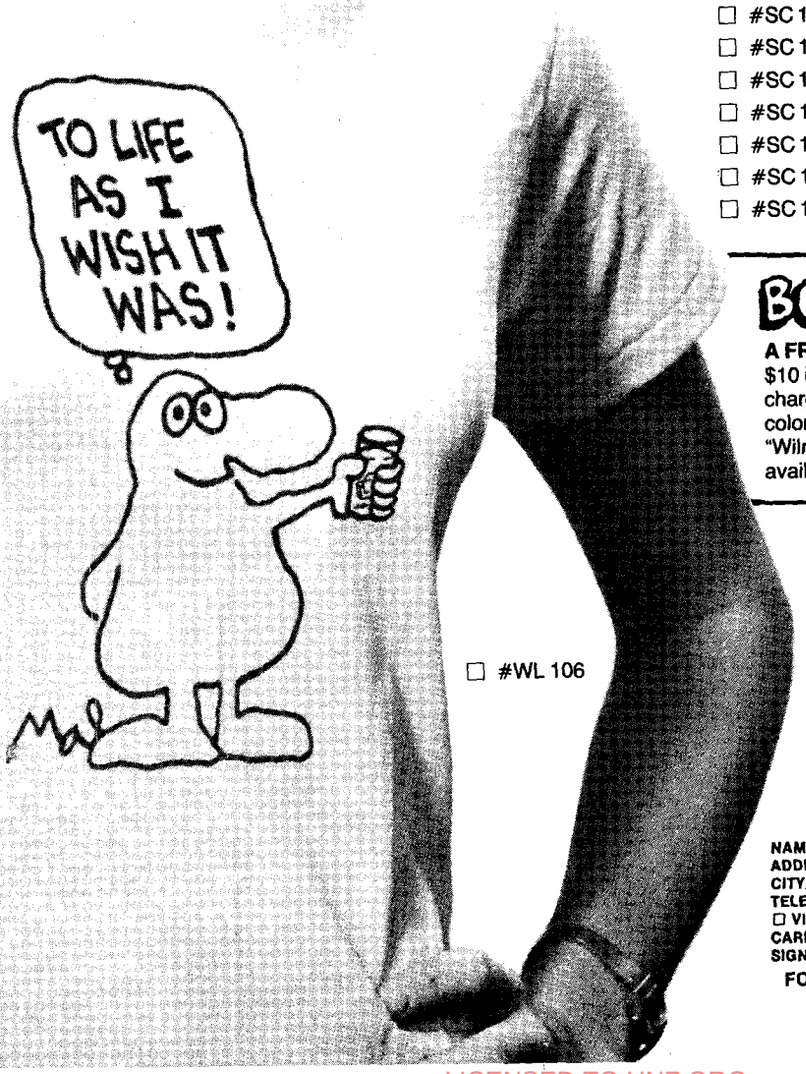
- ☐ #SC 120 Home Run Cat
- ☐ #SC 121 Surf Cat
- ☐ #SC 122 Raquetball Cat
- ☐ #SC 123 Fisher Cat
- ☐ #SC 124 Swim Cat
- ☐ #SC 125 Jogging Cat
- ☐ #SC 126 Bike Cat

☐ #SC 119



☐ #WL 106

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THE WEEK

☐ "Such a united force can sweep away Reagan and Reaganism, make a 180-degree turn in U.S. foreign and domestic policy, and move on to a course of peace, jobs, and equality." Who said that? 1) Walter Mondale. 2) Jesse Jackson. 3) Gus Hall. If you have to guess, maybe the real answer, as George Wallace used to say, is that there ain't a dime's worth of difference between 'em.

☐ Richard Nixon, have you noticed, is everywhere, and saying the kind of thing congenital Nixon-haters like to hear. Like the need for détente with strength, the need to bargain, etc., etc. The arguments aren't what catches attention. Rather, the political effect: which is to distance himself (and Republican moderation) from Reagan. Keep your eyes open on this business. Tricky.

☐ Quite possibly it was only the idea of Jesse Jackson, and not Jackson himself, that was once attractive. Earlier this year he seemed to add a touch of class—of life, even—to the zombiefied Democratic contest. But Jackson has turned out to be a man who can stand before a screaming audience of leftist Mexican students calling for him to "give it" to the American President. Stand there with equanimity. Stand there, indeed, basking in such "approval." The Jackson campaign now moves on, to Havana and maybe Managua.

☐ The Civil Aeronautics Board came close to adding yet another item to the already extensive list of things you can't have on an airplane (guns, grenades, sex, and cigars are already banned). At a 1:00 P.M. meeting last week the board ruled that smoking on all flights of less than two hours would be prohibited. By 6:00 P.M., however, the voice of reason had made a surprise appearance and the board reversed itself. A spokesman for the board said that, initially, it had decided that the right of the nonsmoker to breathe clean air took precedence over the right of the smoker to breathe dirty air. Health groups applauded that ruling on the grounds that smoking in closed spaces is hazardous—almost as hazardous as, say, flying in an airplane. However, the prospect of portly business executives crowding into the head to cop a smoke persuaded the CAB to reverse itself on practical grounds. It's one thing for children to sneak a smoke so they can act like adults, quite another when, in order to smoke, adults need to sneak around acting like children. This is one controversy you can expect to be hearing about for some time; where there's smoke, there's ire.

☐ Wild goings-on in the Ralph Nader camp. It seems Ralph fired Tim Shorrock, editor of the *Multinational Monitor*, for jumping the gun and publishing a story Ralph wanted to check first. Then Shorrock and two others told Ralph they wanted him to recognize "a bargaining unit to discuss wages, working conditions, and editorial control" at the magazine, to quote Carolyn Weaver of Washington's *City Paper*. When they got to work the next day, Miss Weaver says, the locks had been changed, and the other two staffers were fired too—just the sort of high-handed corporate behavior Ralph is always criticizing. Insiders say Ralph takes extraordinary steps to keep his staff from organizing, by distributing their offices in small buildings around town, for instance, so that they can't meet to compare grievances. But it may be a losing battle: The troops are overworked, underpaid, leftist in their sympathies, and well placed to generate support among the "progressive" forces and unions that fund the Nader operations. Maybe now there'll be a strike. The longer the better.

☐ The seven letters "Ireland" compose a sound that has an almost entirely favorable connotation in American English, as do the five letters that compose the sound "Irish," but the actual country can sometimes be a bit of a pain, as anyone knows who has experienced at first hand its rather sour political and querulous cultural life, and as President Reagan found on

Missile Talk

If William the Silent oozed over
To sample the Netherlands' youth,
His ghost would become apoplectic
And lots of his comments, uncouth.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DANIEL ORTEGA, Sandinista junta leader, may not be willing to say nice things about Ronald Reagan, but Kay Ortega, Treasurer of the United States, is, and will do so in formidable fashion as keynote speaker before the Republican National Convention in August. Before becoming Treasurer, Miss Ortega, 49, was the first woman president of a California bank. An honors graduate from Eastern New Mexico University, she is a Hispanic, one of nine children, and an ardent Republican. Since she became Treasurer eight months ago, her public-speaking style has improved "1,000 per cent," notes a Treasury insider, who has frequently seen Miss Ortega on the platform. "Her low-key authenticity works magic with an audience," he says.

The decision that the keynoter would be a woman was made more than two months ago, and since then several contenders have jockeyed in and out of the lead. Jeane Kirkpatrick, U.S. Ambassador to the UN, was favored by many conservatives here, including Newt Gingrich and other Young Turks on the Hill. But some campaign Reaganites worried that Mrs. Kirkpatrick's status as a registered Democrat might net out as a minus, as would her customary position on Mr. Reagan's domestic policy, viz., to stand mute. "Maybe it's just as well she wasn't chosen," says one Kirkpatrick backer. "She's in the running for Secretary of State during a second term, and the political coloration that goes with being keynoter might just hurt her."

Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole was also in the running, but there were problems: Mrs. Dole's husband is seeking to become Majority Leader of the U.S. Senate next term, and down the road a ways, in 1988, he will run for the Republican presidential nomination against George Bush, Howard Baker, Jack Kemp, et al. Some GOP congressmen and others felt that assigning the keynote speech to the Transportation Secretary would give spouse Bob a leg up on either or both of those pursuits, suggesting minimally that he had the President's blessing.

White House counselor Mike Deaver conjures up most of Ronald Reagan's campaign stunts and, despite a steady undercurrent of criticism by some Reaganites, he invariably comes up with a winner, like the President's visit to the U.S. Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs last month. The President toured the 34-acre facility with its up-to-the-minute sports equipment, including a computerized strength-measurement machine, on which the Gipper pumped electronic iron. "You'll note, Mr. President," observed the trainer, pointing to a moving inked needle on a chart, "the outline of your strength values. Above your line is the record of a well-known Democratic presidential contender. You'll note that your values exceed his," the trainer added, and everyone laughed, including Mr. Reagan. A resourceful Washington columnist called the trainer, Dr. Peter Van Handel, and asked whether he was serious about the Democratic contender. Van Handel admitted that it was a gag but told the columnist that the President's strength was "very impressive," and that he was "very, very strong for a man his age." What about the President's strength as compared to American males of any age? "Very strong," repeated Dr. Van Handel, "very impressive." Clearly the President's handlers—PR-fixated or not—have put to rest, for all practical purposes, the generation-gap and age issues.

The National Republican Congressional Committee under Representative Guy Vander Jagt has put together a couple of political television spots that are now being test-run in Washington. As in 1980, the advertisements target on the Speaker of the House, 71-year-old Thomas P. O'Neill Jr., a congressional veteran of 31 years. The Republicans charge Tip with spiteful arrogance and venal abuse of power, two accusations that, if anything, understate Tip's treatment of the GOP, particularly in assigning membership ratios (Democrats *v.* Republicans) on committees.

However, truth is one thing, tactics another. The spots are filmed with Tip's face in a tight mug shot, like Dillinger in early gangster movies, as a narrator reads out categories of corruption, and the spot ends with a close-up of George Washington, with a glycerine tear coursing down the portrait's cheek (I kid you not). This exercise, really quite corny and amateurish, has led nearly all the political pros in Washington to conclude that Tony Coelho, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, is dead right when he says that these ads will turn Tip into everybody's godfather, a folk hero. "Regarding the GOP ads," says Coelho, "go for it. Make my day." Mr. Vander Jagt, *nota bene*. —CATO

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his visit to the home of his ancestors when the Prime Minister, whose name escapes us, "rebuked"—that was the word in the headlines—Reagan by ordaining that the conflict in Central America "be resolved peacefully, by the people of the region themselves," the President not bothering to remind What's-his-name that Ireland is not in the region but we are, and that Ireland has a few unpeaceful problems of its own, and, furthermore . . . but, what the hell. If the President milked the trip for a few sentimental votes in November it was probably worth suffering a few bores.

☐ The most interesting fallout from the terrorist attack on Nicaraguan insurgent Edén Pastora may be whom Pastora decides to blame for the bombing that injured him and killed five reporters and aides. Just after the bombing, Pastora's spokesmen accused the Sandinistas of planting the device. The next day, a recuperating Pastora charged that the CIA had launched a campaign against him—of which this was intended to be the culmination—because he had balked at CIA efforts to unify his forces with a larger anti-Sandinista group, the Nicaraguan Democratic Force. The following day, however, Pastora dismissed assertions that the CIA was responsible and accused extremists within the rebel community. He also raised the possibility that the KGB may have been involved. By absolving

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the CIA, Pastora could be responding to pressures from those who support the American plan to unify the rebel forces. The CIA cut off all aid to Pastora a month ago to force him to compromise, and there have been reports that members of Pastora's organization have voted, despite his opposition, to support the merger with the Nicaraguan Democratic Force.

☐ It was in March that those ten top House Democrats sent their "Dear Comandante" letter to Nicaraguan top dog Daniel Ortega, offering to form an anti-Reagan alliance with him. On April 12 Ortega wrote back. He rebuffed this generous offer, since the price was a little cosmetic democratization of his regime, and in his seven-page diatribe gloatingly quoted Tip O'Neill to make his point about imperialist designs against his poor country. The Democrats concealed the existence of this reply for more than a month—until after the House had debated, and rejected, further aid to the anti-Communist rebels. They didn't explain what Ortega had done to deserve this help.

☐ Japan has bowed to strong American pressure and agreed to "internationalize" the yen, which means encouraging people outside Japan to use it instead of the dollar for transactions. This step—a welcome one, on its merits—will strengthen the yen and weaken the dollar, or so many Americans seem to hope. Yes, *hope*; for a lot of pundits nowadays think that the strength of the dollar is something to bemoan, since it enables our citizens to buy more goods from places like Japan. President Reagan had a better grasp of the situation in March, when he said that the strong dollar is basically good because it betokens a strong America. It is easy to weaken a currency, and go a couple of steps down the road of Uruguay and Bolivia. Much harder to keep it strong, and become more like Japan and Switzerland. Take your pick.

☐ The Soviets have discovered one handy way of getting around the Monroe Doctrine, and that is by vast educational grants to Central American students for study in Cuba, the USSR, and the Eastern satellites. USIA Associate Director Ronald Trowbridge, on an inspection tour of Central America, discovered: In 1982 there were 7,415 Central American students studying in Communist lands, all expenses paid, including, in some cases, "the cost of clothing"; the USSR, in the same year, produced 11.6 million books (319 titles) in Spanish, of which 50 per cent are children's books; Soviet or satellite paperbacks that would cost $6 to $8 in the U.S. can be bought for fifty cents in Managua; according to the rector of the University of Panama (34,000 students), virtually the only applicants for faculty positions are teachers trained in Communist countries; in Costa Rica, local businessmen are hiring Communist-trained executives in lower- and middle-level positions because they are available and have the requisite skills; there are enough Patrice Lumumba graduates in Panama to hold regular reunions.

☐ The government of the Netherlands has announced that it will postpone the planned deployment of U.S. cruise missiles on its territory for roughly 18 months. Only if no arms-control agreement is reached, and only if Moscow continues to deploy additional SS-20 missiles, will the Dutch go ahead with the deployment. With this decision, the Netherlands becomes the first NATO country to renege on its commitment to the two-track deployment plan that the Alliance announced more than four years ago. The Dutch decision is the latest manifestation of a peculiar and debilitating disease known as "Hollanditis." The most prominent symptom is a vision so blurred that it cannot discern black from white. Small countries allied to large protectors and located well behind the front lines of potential conflict are particularly prone to its effects, although such great powers as Britain have also suffered from it in the past. The only known cure is for the Germans to invade Poland.

☐ The 1972 Committee to Re-elect the President is clearly in charge of the Soviet image this year, and if Charles Colson had not retired we would believe he had had a hand in it. The latest Soviet image-builder, on the anniversary of D-Day, is the claim that the Soviets really won the war all by themselves, which endears them not only to American but also to Western European opinion. Earlier, CREEP had persuaded the Soviets to ingratiate themselves by boycotting the Olympics, shooting down an airliner, quitting the arms talks, shooting the Pope, and using poison gas. CREEP has succeeded in manipulating the Soviets into working for the Reagan campaign, and has anyone seen Liddy or Hunt lately? Or, for that matter, Nathan Hale or Paul Revere?

☐ The Heritage Foundation has issued *A Tribute to Whittaker Chambers*, a transcript of the Heritage symposium in honor of Chambers reported on in *NR*'s May 4 issue. The text includes remarks by Anthony Dolan, Jeffrey Hart, Ralph de Toledano, and Frank Shakespeare. It is available for $2, from the Heritage Foundation, 214 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

☐ "Senator Metzenbaum Discloses He Received $250,000 Fee for Role in Sale of Posh Hotel."—*Wall Street Journal*, May 23.

☐ Morals *à la* Metzenbaum: If they see you doing it, stop doing it.

☐ Property *à la* Metzenbaum: Take it; if they see you, give it back; then say you never took it.

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☐ Friendship *à la* Metzenbaum: A friend is someone for whom you will do anything as long as he agrees in advance to pay you a finder's fee.

☐ Finder's fee *à la* Metzenbaum: A quarter-million bucks per phone call; applies only to old friends; for strangers the rates are higher.

☐ Moral indignation *à la* Metzenbaum: It wasn't illegal, it wasn't illegal, it wasn't illegal, it wasn't illegal.

☐ Sleaze, *à la* Metzenbaum: I was across the river when I made the call.

☐ Ethics *à la* Metzenbaum: It was after business hours, see, and I . . .

☐ Hugger-mugger *à la* Metzenbaum: Well no, I didn't tell the secretary that I stood to get a finder's fee, because . . .

☐ Banking, *à la* Metzenbaum: Because that's where the money is.

☐ Quote of the week: "I think politics is an instrument of the devil. I think politics is what kills. It doesn't bring anything alive. Politics is corrupt; I mean, anybody knows that." Guess again! It was Bob Dylan, quoted in *Rolling Stone.*

☐ The *New York Times* has discovered that there is, or at least was, an "evil empire." An editorial used the phrase without sarcasm, for once, to describe a regime that perished 39 years ago. And you thought the *Times* was committed to moral relativism.

☐ "Democrats Campaign for Votes Nationwide"—wire-service-story headline. A bit of a surprise, but it still won't work.

Jesse and George

'MUCH OF the media and the party leadership have tried to isolate me and the issues I have raised. They have tried to dismiss my campaign as a campaign for black people only.

"They refuse to recognize the peace activists who support me as the only candidate who calls for cutting the defense budget, the only candidate who would renounce the first use of nuclear weapons, the only candidate who calls for a new foreign policy, . . . the only candidate to call for corporate responsibility to the people of this nation."

Thus Jesse Jackson, complaining to George McGovern. He has a whale of a point. All the uproar about the ethnic dimensions of his candidacy has distracted attention from its ideological character. Put simply, Jackson is the candidate of the far Left. His advisors include Ramsey Clark, Ron Dellums, and Barry Commoner. Jackson was in Mexico on Memorial Day weekend denouncing U.S. "arrogance" toward Central America. His wife has been in Nicaragua hobnobbing with the Sandinistas. He plans to visit Cuba shortly. His rhetoric has been unstintingly "progressive."

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* / Rothco

"It's very unusual . . . a parade. That's a march that isn't protesting something."

Jackson to McGovern: "I am extremely disappointed that you call for party unity at a time when the issues *you* raised with *your* campaign are still completely unresolved. . . .

"You said that the Democratic Party must commit itself to cutting the defense budget instead of escalating it. You said that we must commit ourselves to a new foreign policy and stop all armed intervention and the threat of armed intervention in Central America, the Mideast, and in the Third World generally.

"You said that we could use the cuts in our defense budget to meet human needs . . . You said . . . You said . . ."

And on and on. Jackson's complaint, in short, is that George McGovern isn't sufficiently McGovernite. George is now the stodgy center of the Democratic Party; Jesse claims to represent its "conscience."

Have his rivals disowned him? Not at all. Gary Hart says he couldn't accept Jackson as his running-mate because of their disagreements on the Middle East. Presumably they don't disagree deeply about America.

Hurry Up Please Its Time

AS THE RETURNS swept in from New Jersey, and began trickling in from California, Jeff Greenfield appeared on one of the TV channels to do a report on the Republicans. "You remember them. They won three out of the last four elections."

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Not that the action is necessarily over on the Democratic side, even now. Jesse Jackson announced a trip to Cuba, and he will be grandstanding all the way to the convention. Gary Hart, who finished the season with a big win in the biggest state, faces temptations to keep on struggling. (This year's rules permit delegates to change their votes.) Hart may also feel that this is his last, best chance. He will not be the candidate of new ideas four years from now. Mario Cuomo, Bill Bradley, Joseph Biden all wait in the wings.

When the Democrats do consider the fall election, they must quail, as much from their own deficiencies as from Reagan's strengths. Walter Mondale has two campaigning *personae*. One is Mr. Vice President—the man who knows what Cabinet meetings are like, and where the washrooms are. The image, potent enough against a senator and a minister, will be less effective against an incumbent. It also cannot escape the attention of the voters whose Vice President he was. The other mode is that of the demagogue. Mondale, who began the campaign aloof and stiff, has perfected his talents until there are now moments, before audiences of union members or Chicanos, when he sounds like the voice of Hubert Humphrey, speaking from the ether. The body perks up, the arms punctuate, the grim eyes blaze. This *persona*, perhaps even more than the first, carried him within shot of the nomination. It helped him reach real constituencies in a direct way. In the election, though, he must face the fact that those constituencies—labor, teachers, feminists, Democratic Hispanics—do not add up to a majority.

The long political season gets a ritual beating; it is tedious, senseless, grueling, and so on. Yet the process fulfills an important function, and the length of the season is a necessary element in it. The primaries and caucuses offer real tests, which require political intelligence and genuine appeal from those who would solve them. There are enough eccentricities to give clever long shots an opening, but the length ensures that mere cleverness is not enough. Gary Hart this time around, like George Bush and John Anderson before him, pulled off an early coup, and bathed in media attention. His slogans touted new ideas. But when, after weeks of exposure, there turned out to be more slogans than ideas, he fell short. The media, who are among the loudest complainers about the primary season's length, would dearly love to see their nine-day wonders win. Fortunately the process impedes that.

The Hoover Echo

Some point to glue, while others say
It really was a *tourniquet*
That saved the Continental bank;
Whatever, I would like to thank
Officials, please, *not* to expound
On fundamentals being sound.

W. H. von Dreele

Fireworks in the Gulf

Like a sky suddenly ablaze with a fireworks display, the Persian Gulf has burst upon the consciousness of the Western world. The forebodings of statesmen and strategists now assume a troubling incarnation in the images of the Iran-Iraq war: fighter planes setting oil tankers ablaze, teenage fanatics massing for a final offensive against Iraq, Israeli planes smuggling arms to Iran, Soviet tactical missiles deployed in Iraq, U.S. Stinger missiles rushed to Saudi Arabia under emergency procedures.

The greatest imperative of the moment is that the Western world not lose its head. Burning oil tankers may pose a marvelously mind-focusing spectacle, but panicky responses could trigger one or more of the very calamities they seek to avert: the collapse of U.S. influence in the Middle East, an Iranian victory igniting a fundamentalist Shiite revolution throughout the region, an Iraqi victory opening tempting opportunities for a Soviet military move into Iran, stock-market jitters causing a run on Western banks and a colossal economic debacle.

None of these scenarios need come to pass if the United States will keep firmly in mind that the true value of the Gulf is not economic, but strategic. Penny-ante disruptions in the oil flow, caused by the temper tantrums of the locals, simply will not bring down the Western world. A global oil glut assures that. The United States depends on the Gulf for only about 3 per cent of its oil supply. The entire non-Communist world gets about 27 per cent of its petroleum from the Gulf—down from 41 per cent in 1979—but even a total cutoff would be manageable if it did not last forever.

A total cutoff as a result of the current war is unlikely to occur and would not last long if it did. Neither Iran nor Iraq has the military wherewithal to stop all shipping out of the Gulf, even if they threw their entire air forces into the effort. Nor are any of the local kings, princes, ayatollahs, mullahs, or sheiks likely to turn off the spigot on their own for long—they are too hooked on dollars. The cold strategic reality is that only one thing could turn off the spigot—Soviet control of the oil reserves. Indeed, should that ever occur, Moscow will not have to shut off the oil, for the Western Alliance will collapse of its own accord overnight, as courageous European and Japanese leaders race to make peace with the Kremlin.

This being so, there are really only two vital Amer-

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ican interests in the Persian Gulf: first, preventing the oil reserves there from falling under Soviet influence; second, preventing the Soviet Union from engineering a takeover of Iran—its long-sought strategic target—whether by brute force or by internal subversion.

It logically follows that the United States should abandon its present posture of tilting toward Iraq and begin thinking instead of how to open a quiet, perhaps secret, dialogue with Iran. The disintegration of Iran, whether as a result of victory or defeat, would be a far worse calamity than the current fireworks represent. If our allies are troubled by the sparks, we should insist they use their own military resources to protect Gulf shipping. U.S. military operations in the region should be kept out of the local fracas and continue to be aimed principally at deterring Soviet adventurism. That is what being a superpower is all about.

Tip and Newt

THE LIBERAL LINE on Ronald Reagan has shifted sharply every few months for the last four years. First Reagan was too extreme to be elected, so he shouldn't be nominated. Once nominated, he was going to bring on race and nuclear war, so he shouldn't be elected. Once elected, he didn't have a mandate, so Congress shouldn't cooperate with him. Once the telegrams poured in and Congress gave him his tax cuts, liberals pointed to the recession as evidence that Reaganomics had failed (even before the tax cuts took effect). Once recovery came, liberals pointed to the deficit (which had never bothered them before) as a threat to the recovery (which they hadn't foreseen).

The President looks unbeatable this year, so the current liberal line is that while he is personally popular, his policies aren't. The strategic purpose of this line, like that of its predecessors, is to prevent Reagan from becoming the vehicle of a grand realignment of American politics. The totally hypocritical outcry over the deficit has so far proved helpful in keeping the President's own party divided.

All of which has set the stage for the current battle in the Democratic-controlled House between Speaker Tip O'Neill and the young Republican conservatives led by Newt Gingrich of Georgia. This battle exploded a few weeks ago over the question of which way the House TV cameras were to be pointed. Taking a leaf from D. W. Griffith, Eisenstein, and Spielberg, Tip introduced the innovation of panning shots around the House to show that the Republicans who attacked him and his party were speaking to a largely empty chamber—a bit of *vérité* with no analogue in the *Congressional Record.*

The Gingrich gang was drawing blood. Even as conservative PACs have learned to turn liberal campaign reforms against their authors, Gingrich and his allies were making the most of the televising of House proceedings. Among other offenses, Gingrich read aloud a series of Democratic utterances on the U.S. and its Communist enemies over the past ten years. Tip and *his* allies (in the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*, for instance) were livid. Quoting Democrats is the sort of tactic associated with Joe McCarthy.

The young Republicans have their own strategic purpose, which is precisely to see to it that the 1984 election *does* bring a grand realignment. They agree with the Democrats that there are indeed profound differences between the two parties, and they mean to show the electorate just what those differences are.

The Democrats are the party of the Left. They have gotten away with it to the extent that they have been able to induce the Republicans to engage in "bipartisan cooperation." It has been largely the brutal partisan bullying of Tip O'Neill that has frayed the good

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will of centrist Republicans and given the conservatives their opportunity.

Anything can happen, but it looks as if the key contest this year will be the battle for the House. The fate of the Republicans will depend on whether they can infuse national significance into every congressional race. Gingrich has given them a running start.

Who's Ignorant? Who's Dumb?

THE UNITED STATES' withdrawal for two years from the jurisdiction of the World Court in disputes relating to the Central American situation, with particular regard to the Nicaragua harbor mining controversy, has been condemned by Senator Moynihan and columnist Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times*. According to these gentlemen, the argument made in a *Times* Op-Ed article by Allan Gerson, legal advisor to Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, is based on "ignorance"—ignorance not only of international law but also of the history of our country.

It is Messrs. Moynihan and Lewis who display ignorance. The crucial provision is Article 24 of the UN charter: "In order to ensure prompt and effective action by the United Nations, its members confer on the Security Council primary responsibility for the maintenance of international peace and security." As for the World Court, the United States, when it ratified its own membership in that court, reserved the right to determine the court's jurisdiction as it might be said to apply to the United States. This reservation corresponded to, and was parallel with, the great-power veto of decisions of the Security Council. Many other nations, including Great Britain, adopted similar reservations. These reservations have been repeatedly invoked. As for the Communist countries, none has ever accepted the court's jurisdiction. All disputes relating to resort to force, with one exception, have been dealt with by the Security Council. (In that one exception, the dispute in question was first submitted to the Security Council and then referred by that body to the World Court.) As for Allan Gerson, whose theory of the law was the particular target of Messrs. Moynihan and Lewis, he is a graduate of the NYU School of Law and holds advanced degrees in international law from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and the Yale Law School. He has written a book on international law as well as a number of scholarly articles, which have appeared in the *American Journal of International Law*, the *Harvard International Law Journal*, and other periodicals.

A serious but not readily apparent problem underlies this controversy. The Soviet bloc-Third World coalition has captured control of the UN agencies. The agencies are, however, limited to "recommendations": Only the Security Council may make "decisions." And here the United States is protected by its veto. The ingenious minds in Moscow have now, it appears, embarked on a campaign to downgrade the Security Council and transfer all power to the agencies where their own power is supreme.

—C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

The Day After

Hold your nose and pull the chain;
Gary's going down the drain.
Preppies pout in modish pads,
Though he's older than their dads,
While in Massachusetts, *hordes*
Slump in Volvos and Accords.
To the Pepsi people, Fritz
Evidently is the pits.

W. H. VON DREELE

Campus '84

THREE IMPORTANT redoubts of Sixties liberalism remain in American culture today, embattled and often resentful loci stubbornly resisting a surrounding shift, ill-defined but palpable, toward the right. These three leftist islands in the American stream are: portions of the major-media and entertainment worlds, the largely anonymous clergy at the middle bureaucratic levels of the American Catholic and Protestant churches, and the college campus.

Today's college students mostly participate in the general national mood, but their elders on the college faculties and in the administrations have institutionalized the leftist ethos of the Sixties radicals. Indeed, in many cases the Sixties radicals, now PhDs and tenured, are in fact the academic establishment. It is probably fair to say that the only place left in the Western world where Marxism is taken seriously as a system of ideas is American departments of English.

During the past year, virtually every major American campus was a focus of anti-nuclear protest, coordinated with the campaign against the Pershing II in Europe. The anti-nuclear guru E. P. Thompson was even imported from England and, sustained in academia, spent an agitational year here. At the same time, teach-ins flourished in protest against U.S. policy in Central America, and one institution after another succumbed to persistent leftist pressure and "divested" itself of its investments in South Africa.

As the nation at large has tended to the right, college faculties have, if anything, become harder left, self-consciously embattled enclaves. Terms such as "racism" and "sexism" are thought to settle all dis-

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putes. Reagan is not only opposed, he is hated and loathed. Lyndon LaRouche in his demented way may believe that Henry Kissinger is a Soviet agent, but LaRouche's opposite numbers on the college faculties, who are not ostensibly demented, consider him a fascistic mass-murderer, along with his Martin Bormann-like sidekick, Jeane Kirkpatrick.

And, of course, the Sixties ethos persists in various specific forms: racial and ethnic quotas in admissions and in hiring and promotion; courses, often entirely bogus, in black, Hispanic, women's, and other "studies"; institutional legitimacy eagerly conferred upon "Gay Students Associations"; and so forth. What had traditionally been central to the curriculum and to the life of these institutions has been pushed toward the margins, and what had been at most marginal has been thrust to the center of the enterprise.

Shrewd administrators increase their popularity by pandering to this ethos. Presiding over the commencement ceremonies at Columbia, President Michael I. Sovern caught the academic note perfectly. "War is over—if you want," he told his audience, quoting the deep thinker John Lennon, and went on: "Success as a world power requires learning and prudence, difficult and intricate work, a great deal of patience, and the capacity for long-range planning. *I do not think that America is displaying those attributes to the world in abundance.*" (Italics added.) Translation, if needed: Damn that Reagan.

There is, clearly, much to be done. The campus is sunk in clichés and cant. Superstition and illusion flourish. It will probably require a generation of hard work to restore these important institutions.

Latin America Watch

AN UNRELEASED exit poll taken by a Spanish television network during the Salvadoran elections is quietly circulating around Washington. The results of the poll are skewed somewhat by the leftist boycott of the elections, but are quite interesting nonetheless. According to the survey, 96 per cent of Salvadoran voters believe the United States is their friend, as compared to 3 per cent who believe Mexico is and 1 per cent, Cuba. Sixty-three per cent want both economic and military aid from the U.S. to continue, and almost as many want to see the guerrilla movement eradicated. A mere 2 per cent want to see a guerrilla government. If given the chance, 70 per cent would emigrate to the United States.

► Cuba has inducted another 500,000 souls into its already bloated military, bringing the number of soldiers on the island to 1.5 million (the equivalent of 33 million U.S. soldiers). The buildup of the territorial militia, American officials claim, is designed to free the regular army for service in Nicaragua or Africa. Others note that militia members are required to purchase their own weapons. Fidel may be expanding his forces simply to raise money to supplement the island's disappearing economy.

► More bad news for trendy young urban professionals: The crackdown on the cocaine-making narco-guerrillas continues. In late May, Panamanian forces dismantled a cocaine-processing plant in the El Sapo mountain range near the Colombian border. The plant, like those found earlier in Colombia, contained a canteen, a sophisticated processing lab, and a French-made helicopter. Panamanian authorities estimated that the entire complex, along with the cocaine discovered inside, was worth more than $1 billion.

In Memoriam

IT IS THE ultimate symbolic gesture, one long delayed by the humane ends of advanced technology and the endless controversies that plague every aspect of the enterprise even Archie Bunker was eventually moved to call "that damn war." There are only two sets of partial unidentified remains from the Vietnam conflict, and military pathologists are confident that they will eventually identify one of them. The rules regarding completeness had to be suspended in order that these fragments of a man, the one unidentifiable soldier, might come to rest beside the bodies of his brothers from Korea and World Wars I and II.

Vietnam veterans for the most part interpreted, in their accustomed way, the decade of delay in selecting and interring an unknown comrade as yet another of the many real or imagined insults and omissions they have endured for their participation in our nation's first true bastard war. But on Memorial Day 1984 the applicable precedents at Arlington National Cemetery went back three wars, and the pomp and ceremony were entrusted to experts. Eight resplendent, sweating young representatives of all the services—most of whom were probably in grade school when this soldier fell—carried the flag-draped coffin forward gracefully, with immense dignity, and set it down directly in front of their Commander-in-Chief. The President spoke eloquently of sacrifice and freedom and reminded his audience that the American armed forces in Vietnam "were never defeated in battle." He awarded the Medal of Honor to the Unknown and devoted much of his speech to an invitation to Hanoi "to heal the war's sorest wound" by providing an accounting for those still missing. The President received the folded flag from the honor guard, and a bugler blew "Taps."

What was done was altogether fitting and proper. Just as Lincoln's dedication of the hallowed ground at Gettysburg did not distract him or his nation from the task still before them, neither should the entombment of the Unknown Soldier of the Vietnam War distract us from the cause of freedom for any prisoners left

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behind, and for all men everywhere. Regardless of the controversy, we should be glad this day.

For here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God. —JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Bill:

You may be interested in the following exchange.

Best regards,
Chuck
[Charlton Heston]
Beverly Hills, Calif.

SENT BY CERTIFIED MAIL
Mr. Charlton Heston
c/o David Capell & Co.
315 South Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212

Dear Mr. Heston:

It has come to the attention of Screen Actors Guild that you appeared in a television commercial for NATIONAL REVIEW magazine. However, our records do not indicate that employment in this TV commercial was covered by a Screen Actors Guild bargaining agreement.

Please be advised that Rule 1 of the Screen Actors Guild Constitution and By-Laws states:

> No member shall work as an actor or make an agreement to work as an actor for any producer who has not executed a basic minimum agreement with the Guild which is in full force and effect.

Based on the above information, it appears that you are in violation of Rule 1. The SAG Board of Directors has asked me to investigate this matter before proceeding with possible disciplinary action pursuant to the Constitution and By-Laws. Kindly complete and return the enclosed questionnaire within the next ten (10) days in order to facilitate this investigation.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely,
Clinta M. Dayton
Assistant National Executive Secretary
Screen Actors Guild

May 8, 1984

Dear Miss Dayton:

I have your letter of May 3 advising me that I am in apparent violation of SAG Rule 1 as a result of my appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW's TV commercial. I have enclosed the Rule 1 inquiry you attached, filled out as instructed.

Since I contributed my services to NATIONAL REVIEW without contract or compensation, I presume the question of SAG jurisdiction is irrelevant. Should this not be the case, I'm afraid I've been in violation of Rule 1 for most of the 34 years I've belonged to the Guild. During that time, I've appeared in literally hundreds of commercials on behalf of scores of organizations, ad hoc groups, and committees, all without compensation. I'm afraid my records are incomplete, but they include the Red Cross, the Cancer Fund, the National Arthritis Foundation, the Mental Health Association, the Braille Institute, the Salvation Army, the Boy Scouts, the Disabled Veterans of America, Northwestern University, UCLA, the United States Army, Navy, and Air Force, the Department of Agriculture, the State of Illinois, a wide spectrum of arts, medical, and environmental groups, as well as candidates for public office from both the Democratic and Republican Parties. If these appearances violate Rule 1, I'm at a loss to understand why my Guild has not previously called this to my attention.

Since your prime concern seems to be with the *NR* commercial, you may well be instituting Rule 1 inquiries on my fellow SAG members Tom Selleck and Ronald Reagan, who also appeared in the commercial. I can attest that they, too, performed without compensation. I hope this simplifies your endeavors and, in my own case, satisfies our Board.

Fraternally,
Charlton Heston

P.S.: It occurs to me that William F. Buckley, the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, promised to send me some peanut butter in return for my appearance on behalf of his magazine. His commitment was never contractually ratified, nor has it so far been fulfilled. If he does send me the peanut butter, should I return it to stay out of trouble with my Guild?

cc: Ronald Reagan
Tom Selleck

Dear Chuck: Hang in there, or we will hang together!
Regards, Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On page 91 of *Overdrive*, how much is "not, really, that much"? Perhaps I shouldn't be that small but you surely give thatness a bad name.

With best wishes,
Kenneth M. Moran
Jamestown, N.D.

P.S.: I always skim page 91 before buying a book.

Dear Mr. Moran: Please, don't blame *me* for that's thatness. I mean, that is the living end. —WFB

P.S.: Page 91 happens to be one of my favorites.
—WFB

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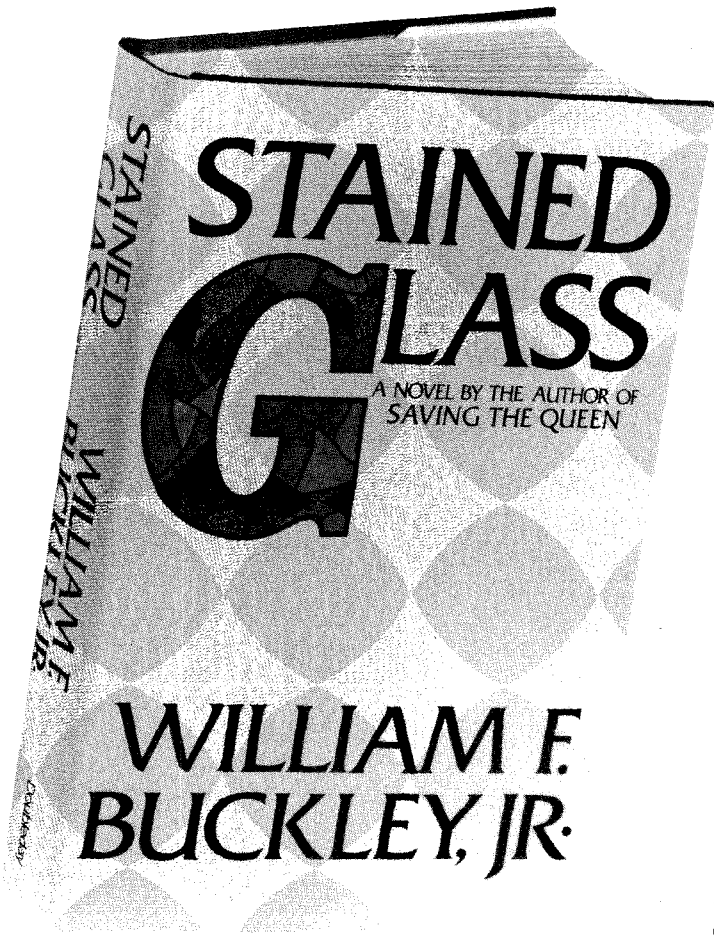
Here's how *you* can get the best darn election-year coverage around *and* a FREE copy of Bill Buckley's famous thriller *Stained Glass*!



Yes, no other magazine will provide you with better—or more enjoyable—coverage of the crucial presidential-election campaign this year than *National Review* itself. And, as you know, NR's reporting comes with style and wit (not to mention all the inside information *only* NR gets) and a unique viewpoint you just can't find elsewhere. We don't want you to miss a single important issue while the campaign is hot.

If you act right now, we'll be glad to send you a full year of NR *plus* a free copy of *Stained Glass*, our all-time favorite of Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s series of best-selling spy-thriller novels. That's right: just use the card facing this page today and you'll get NR for the next year (26 big issues in all, worth $39.00 on the newsstands) plus your free book (an $8.95 retail value), both for just the $29.00 price of a year's subscription alone—you save a total of $18.95 all together. That's a bargain you won't want to miss.

In addition to getting NR's unique reporting right through the big election and beyond, you'll also have some delightful summer reading. *Stained Glass* is no ordinary thriller. Like its hero, Blackford Oakes, *Stained Glass* has that distinctive Buckley touch. (By the way, we're not the only ones who like it: *Stained Glass* won an American Book Award.) In addition to a truly intriguing (in every way) plot that will keep you guessing until the final pages, you'll learn all kinds of unusual things—Buckley provides a wealth of asides about people and places—not least about stained glass, an art as fascinating as the windows themselves (you know, you've got to see them from the *inside*).

So don't miss this exceptional opportunity to get this famous best-seller FREE along with your full year of *National Review* right now. Just return the card facing this page.

With this offer you can save $18.95

But do it now. This offer will expire the moment our supply of *Stained Glass* is exhausted.

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FORTRESS RUSSIA

THE RECENT deportment of the Soviet Union could readily suggest that relations between the superpowers have entered the Ice Age. The Russians are on one helluva tear. After the KAL 007 massacre, they offered no apology, no compensation. Then they walked out of the Geneva arms talks. When we proposed troop reductions in Europe, they rejected them out of hand. Similarly scorned was the U.S. draft of a chemical-weapons treaty. After the Chinese received President Reagan hospitably, the Russians canceled their ranking diplomat's visit to the PRC. In Afghanistan, the Soviets have been hitting the tribesmen with everything they have (short of nuclear warheads), including abominable exotica like "liquid fire" and "fuel-air explosives," which latter kill by tearing up internal organs. More of the new Soviet SS-22 nuclear missiles have been moved into East Germany, five minutes away from Greenham Common. General Ustinov warns grimly that Soviet nuclear-armed subs off the U.S. coast have been increased to three. Numerous conciliatory messages sent by Reagan to Moscow—whether hand-carried by Brent Scowcroft or back channel or front channel—have been uniformly repudiated by Chernenko. The Soviets quit the Olympics, and they are tormenting Andrei Sakharov and his ailing wife, Yelena Bonner.

You can add all this up and conclude that the Soviets detest our President and are telling the American people that if they want peace, they had better elect anybody but Reagan. Undoubtedly, such a reading has its elements of accuracy, but a goodly number of Sovietologists here believe that hostile Soviet actions of late are due less to the 1984 election, and more to a reassertion of Fortress Russia.

In the face of an internal vacuum of both policy and consensus, this thesis goes, the Soviets have decided to pull back into self-imposed isolation and spare themselves embarrassment, surprise, or disaster until such time as they can get their act together. The Fortress Sovietologists note that Russian newspapers have been saying for months that the Democrats probably will not be able to marshal enough votes to defeat the President. As for the Olympics, the Soviets quit the Games less in retaliation for the U.S. boycott in 1980 than because they wished to minimize their exposure to events—whether defections or perhaps a surprise anti-Soviet "incident" in Los Angeles—to which they have neither the policy nor the political consensus to respond.

NOTWITHSTANDING this state of affairs, the USSR is not leaderless. Indeed Chernenko holds more power than his predecessor, Andropov, did, since his political base both in the Central Committee and with the rank-and-file is stronger. (In contrast, Andropov had practically no political support.) Andrei Gromyko now figures largely in Soviet foreign policy and politics, but Chernenko will force his resignation from the Politburo within a year, or so say some Sovietologists. Gromyko's longevity depends upon international tensions' remaining high, and he is doing what he can to keep them so, as did Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov almost thirty years ago: A hard-liner who opposed, consecutively, more freedom for Eastern European nations, the Austrian treaty, Soviet détente with Yugoslavia, and the dismantling of the Cominform, Molotov was committed to the belief that a Soviet foreign minister should maintain Stalin's Soviet empire intact.

Like Molotov, Gromyko wants to preserve the empire, and, like Molotov, he may soon find himself bounced from the Politburo. Chernenko, it is said, does not wish to confront the West. He sees such confrontation as splitting the Warsaw Pact and the Comecon nations, as well as creating domestic tensions in the Soviet Union.

Is it the emplacement of the cruise and Pershing missiles in Western Europe that has made the Soviets so testy? No. Although these new weapons are powerful, neither has a first-strike capability: They cannot reach Moscow, and two-thirds of the Soviet missiles are massed on the far side of Moscow. So the recent heavy-handed Soviet protestations are not military in origin, but political. For thirty years the Soviets have tried to unify Europe, East and West, under their control. In 1979 they used every means at their disposal to prevent deployment of these missiles. Yet not even West Germany, which the Soviets wooed, menaced, and tried to bribe, would forgo deployment. It is loss of face that hurts the Soviets, plus that sense of inferiority that Ronald Reagan fosters in them by suggesting that philosophically, economically, politically, and culturally, Communists are beneath us.

The President has two options, both valid. 1) *Don't feed the bear.* Do nothing, as the President is doing now. Wait until the Soviets get their act together, and then respond to that act. 2) *Feed the bear.* Bombard him with conciliatory proposals. These will keep the Soviets off balance, and appeal to both Western and Eastern Europe. With no policy or consensus, and with the Central Committee under bureaucratic anaesthesia, whatever Reagan proposes, howsoever favorable to the Russians (almost), will be rejected. But to the international community, such proposals will make us seem vigorous, peace-oriented, and sophisticated. And a reservoir of credit will be built that the U.S. can tap later, after the Soviets emerge from their Fortress.

Meanwhile, expect no summits, no drama, no Geneva talks, no modus vivendi. They will all come later, probably in 1985. □

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LEARNING TO LOVE CHERNENKO

I AM BEGINNING to like Konstantin Ustinovich Chernenko. Whether liking will ripen into love, only time can tell. Meanwhile, there are so many points in his favor, it is hard to know where to begin, but here goes:

—His face. With the high cheekbones of the Mongolian hordes, it symbolizes menace from the East. Has been known to smile, but the event is rare and the effect unfriendly.

—His health. Encouragingly bad, as is appropriate in a member of a gerontocracy. Emphysema further aggravates a natural lack of oratorical talent.

—His persona, in general. Forbidding, with a relevant touch of cruelty. No attempt has been made, as with his KGB-extraction predecessor, to disinform the world (correction: the West) into believing that he is a "closet liberal."

—His record. The ultimate *apparatchik*. No sign of imagination or readiness to bend the Party rules yet detected. As an NKVD commissar in the Ukraine between 1938 and 1941, he was, according to eyewitnesses, present at mass executions of hundreds of local people. The victims were taken into garages and gassed by fumes from running automobile engines.

—His recent actions. He has canceled Soviet participation in the Olympic Games at Los Angeles, and forced lesser breeds to do likewise. He's no angel, so why should the City of the Angels want him and his chums?

—His words. Now there we have something special, for which space is needed.

When I say "his" words, I don't mean that they are literally from his presidential mouth; merely that the tone of the commentaries from Moscow has very appreciably sharpened and roughened since Chernenko took over, reflecting the new Party line of his Politburo. Gone are the temporary and expedient courtesies of the détente and immediate post-détente era. Instead, there is a return to the pure, unadulterated hate of vintage Stalinism.

Three themes in particular dominate the current Soviet propaganda output: Central America, the Olympics, and the new theater nuclear weapons; the President's trip to China also attracted comment. Here are some representative samples:

Central America: "U.S. President R. Reagan has made a televised speech dealing with U.S. policy on Central America. The speech can be described as *unscrupulous lies from beginning to end* and as his latest exercise in demagogy, slander, whipping up anti-Communism and hatred toward other countries and peoples and in openly preaching state terrorism and war."—TASS from Washington, May 10

The Olympics: "As regards the wars which, as far back as two thousand years ago, were interrupted for the sake of holding the Olympics, it was no good for the President to cite ancient Greece, because his Administration is waging not one but several undeclared wars: against the people of Nicaragua and El Salvador, against Afghanistan and Lebanon. It supplies money and arms to South Africa and the group of bandits that terrorize the population in Angola. Apart from that, it continues to trample under foot the sovereignty and independence of Grenada, and the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency stages its criminal secret operations over practically the entire world."—*Pravda*, May 13

"The ultras' attempts to turn the Los Angeles Olympics into an unbridled anti-Soviet orgy took on an unprecedented character. It was planned to involve more than ten thousand anti-Sovietists and fascist flunkies in anti-Soviet activities, and to allocate a minimum of $50,000 for heightening anti-Communist hysteria in press publications and organizing provocative gatherings and demonstrations."—TASS from New York, May 10

The New Weapons: "Architects of American foreign policy, *having no scruples whatsoever*, are resorting to pressure, threats, and blackmail in their attempts to turn Western Europe into an American nuclear-missile launching pad and the Pentagon's nuclear hostage."—TASS commentary by Yuri Kornilov, April 26

Reagan in China: "The American President tried in every way to give the talks and particularly his own public statements a provocative anti-Soviet orientation. This was merely fresh confirmation of the militaristic course steered by the U.S. Administration and of its reluctance to seek agreement with the Soviet Union."—TASS, May 3

All Clear

THERE IS a comforting ring to these passages. In particular, the phrases I have taken the trouble to emphasize ("unscrupulous lies," "no scruples whatsoever") show that after a long period of artificially induced ideological ambiguity on the part of the Soviets, all is clear again.

Seriously, the world is an infinitely safer place when illusions are shed than when the Soviets, for unwavering objectives of their own, are on their best public behavior.

Let us be precise. The danger of war has nothing to do, or very little, with formal exchanges of courtesies. It was at its most acute during the years 1977 to 1983, while the Soviets were deploying their SS-20s without any Western counterforce in sight. Now that the West has begun to deploy its new weapons, the danger has receded.

It is part of the Soviet end-game to foster the belief that deployment on the Western side has made the danger more acute. It could even work in, for instance, Holland, which continues to dither on this issue, but must make up its mind eventually. Readers of NATIONAL REVIEW know better. □

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What Ronald Reagan DOESN'T KNOW about his own achievements

THE U.S. ECONOMY is currently in the midst of a world-leading surge of productivity growth, innovation, capital formation, and employment. The United States is applying high technology nearly 50 per cent faster than Europe or Japan. Spending on capital equipment—led by electronic gear—set an all-time record for the first year of a recovery, rising at three times the average pace of first-year upturns since World War II. As a result of President Reagan's tax policies, the rich have been paying decisively the highest share of income taxes they have paid in 11 years. Outside of the desperate sloughs of the welfare culture, which the politicians in their famous compassion refuse to change, the poor are rapidly leaving poverty and are paying their smallest share of income taxes in more than a decade. In 1983 the U.S. created four million new jobs—a peacetime record—and is now employing a record 61 per cent of the working-age population, a level some 15 per cent higher than its European rivals'.

Why on earth doesn't President Reagan know all this? Why does he stumble and grope at a press conference when asked a question about the fairness of his tax program or the performance of the economy? Why do leading Republicans believe they have to raise tax rates to get more revenue when lowering rates in the high brackets has achieved this result while expanding employment and growth? Why do leading economists speak of sluggish productivity growth and suggest that the U.S. continues to lag behind Europe in this key index?

The answer to all these questions is simple. From the President on down, the Republicans see the economy through the eyes of analysts who are blind to technological change, cannot measure a system on the move, and thus have no idea what is going on in America.

Take, for example, the recent silliness from the Congressional Budget Office (CBO), which made the front page of several prominent newspapers, was snidely featured in the leading news weeklies, and was used by the press to harry the President at a news conference.

At that conference, a reporter cited the CBO finding that families with incomes of more than $80,000 will gain $8,390 from the Reagan program in 1984 while families with incomes of less than $10,000 will lose $330. The reporter asked, "Is this fair?" President Reagan began with a perfectly valid reference to "lies, blankety-blank lies, and statistics." He should have left it at that. But then he asserted, debatably, that inflation hurts the poor the most and that his Administration has conquered inflation. Finally, he accepted the essential premise of the question by pointing out, falsely, that it had been a proportionate tax cut and that therefore the rich, who pay the most, would get the largest absolute benefit. In fact, the cut in the top rate came first, thus giving upper-bracket taxpayers the largest cut and inducing them to increase their payments the most.

This is not altogether a case of a partisan Congressional Budget Office attacking a Republican President. Although this particular study was commissioned by Democratic Senator Lawton Chiles of Florida, the CBO is now led by Rudolph Penner, a Republican, formerly at the American Enterprise Institute. Nor did the President's ineffectual answer reflect a failure to be adequately briefed by his economists. Most of the President's economists could have answered no more effectively than he did. From the Bureau of Labor Statistics to the Council of Economic Advisors, most of the Administration's analysts essentially agree with the President's answer—and with the CBO. They are confounded by the dynamics of an entrepreneurial economy where tax-rate cuts reliably improve the distribution of income and increase payments by the rich.

The CBO and the President's advisors both believe that people stand still for taxes. Therefore if you drop the top bracket by 29 per cent, as the Administration did in 1981, top-bracket taxpayers will pay less. All world history shows this proposition to be false, but nearly all the world's economists believe it, including, most notably, the accountant-economists in the Administration.

In fact, in a dynamically changing economy where families are continually moving in and out of wealth and poverty, people do not stand still for anything except possibly a Kodak or an economist, and nothing makes them move faster than a tax hike. The very concept of a static body of "rich" and "poor" is a Marxist fantasy to begin with. The only way you can create a static class of poor people is through a welfare system that destroys their families and pays them to stay poor. The only way you can create a static class of rich people is to tax new income so fiercely that entrepreneurs are prevented from challenging established wealth. Although U.S. policymakers have often moved toward such a system, the Reagan Administration

Mr. Gilder's new book is The Spirit of Enterprise, *which will be published in September by Simon & Schuster. It is an alternate selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and a main selection of the Fortune Book Club.*

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has been attempting to dismantle the welfare trap for the poor and the tax trap for the entrepreneurs. While this policy leads the rich to pay more taxes and the poor to escape poverty, the static models—utterly irrelevant to the real world but comfortable to tax raisers and convenient to economists—can measure only a drop in payments by the rich and a drop in benefits for the poor.

When tax rates are cut in the top brackets, people earn and report far more income at this level and pay far more taxes. Highly progressive tax rates do not redistribute income; they redistribute taxpayers. Facing a rate above 25 per cent, taxpayers simply report less taxable income. They flee to tax shelters or to the underground economy, into foreign banks and tax havens, Mercedes Benzes and political-action committees, and onto yachts, beaches, and golf courses. They twist their finances into low-calorie pretzels and serve them to the IRS. Tax considerations impinge on every investment decision they make.

When top-bracket tax rates are cut, taxpayers begin to invest with a greater interest in the ultimate taxable yield. Even though they continue to invest in shelters, they focus on vehicles with a real return rather than simply a convenient loss. The overall result is that they pay more taxes, even when, as over the last two years, they increase their participation in explicit shelters—even when, as in the recent recession, their real income actually drops. In 1982, for example, approximately $3.5 billion in additional funds was invested in shelters—not a large amount compared to the deficit but a signal of seriously distorted investment incentives. The bulk of the new shelter funds poured through the chief loophole in the new tax act: 15-year accelerated depreciation of buildings that actually rise in value. But explicit shelter activity is dwarfed by the impact of high tax rates on every investment decision made in the economy. The drop in the top rate oriented investors in 1982 toward seeking taxable returns to a greater degree than they did in 1981. As a result the prices of real estate, gold, and collectibles dropped during 1982, and the price of items with a taxable yield, such as stocks and bonds, rose. The effect of these changes was a rise in the taxes paid in the top brackets even during a recession year that saw real incomes drop, particularly in the top brackets.

In 1982, for example, in the midst of recession, 48 per cent more households reported adjusted gross incomes of more than $1 million, and they paid 42 per cent more taxes and a 37.4 per cent higher share of taxes than in the pre-recession, pre-tax-cut year of 1981. Such a response was easily predictable. After the Kennedy tax cut of 1964, payments in the top brackets rose by 80 per cent, and after the Coolidge tax cuts of the mid-1920s, payments by the rich rose by some 200 per cent, and the share of taxes paid by the rich rose from 28 per cent to 63 per cent.

Yet this CBO study explicitly acknowledges that its "revenue estimates are static estimates: They are based on the somewhat arbitrary assumption that such changes in the tax code do not have significant effects on general taxpayer behavior or otherwise on the economy at large." The assumption is certainly arbitrary. As Lawrence Pratt of the American Institute for Economic Research has written, the CBO approach is like assuming that "motorists' behavior is unaffected by police cars and street signs." Or that housewives don't cut their purchases of asparagus in January.

In other words, the CBO economists assume from the outset that the only reason to change tax rates is to redistribute income, and they assume in the case of the Reagan tax cut that the shift is from the poor to the rich. They utterly ignore the argument, made endlessly by advocates of reduced rates, that lower rates, particularly in the top brackets, foster economic growth and progress and induce the rich to pay more taxes.

Now that the rich are indeed once again paying more taxes after a tax-rate cut—and paying their highest share in 11 years—the supply-side argument has been entirely vindicated. But neither the economists at the CBO nor the economists within the Administration will accept these data. Both advocate tax hikes and fear that acceptance of these numbers would lead to further tax cuts—and larger deficits—in 1984. Thus economists in the Administration systematically edit out of speeches all references to this key policy success by the Administration and allow President Reagan to flounder pathetically before the press—and the television audience—on the so-called fairness issue, which Walter Mondale has already indicated will be a central theme of his campaign if he indeed receives the Democratic nomination.

More disturbing are the CBO estimates for the future. The CBO shows that through the predicted rise of incomes alone, net of inflation, the share of taxes paid by those with incomes of more than $40,000 will increase between 1982 and 1985 from 46 to 65 per cent of total taxes.

If Congress is unwilling to control spending, the only way it can reduce the deficit is by further reductions in the top tax rate

These estimates are disturbing because they suggest that marginal tax rates will rise on this group. As the rates statically considered do rise, the revenues will predictably fall below expectations, and Rudolph Penner and his allies will return for more taxes in 1986. The poor will end up paying more, not less, of total taxes.

The problem is epitomized by the CBO assumption that "The percentage of income taxes paid by households in the $80,000 and over category was reduced in 1982 largely by the ERTA [Economic Recovery and Tax Act] reduction in the maximum statutory tax rate on all income from 70 per cent to 50 per cent." Yet, in fact, from two sets of Treasury data it can be seen that this group substantially increased its share of tax payments in 1982. The latest Treasury data show that households with incomes above $75,000 increased their payments by 7 per cent, while households with incomes below $75,000 decreased their payments by 4.8 per cent. This result was affected by inflationary bracket creep at the lower end of the income scale. But the increase in the share of payments was largest in the highest brackets, those farthest above the reach of bracket creep. In short, the CBO estimates are totally unsupported by upper-bracket data. Since these data were fully available to the CBO, its failure to use them calls into question the competence of the entire study.

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Administration economists for the last two years have dismissed as a statistical anomaly all evidence that the President's tax cuts are working in accordance with the Laffer Curve. In particular, they questioned the value of the only available index of payments by the rich—non-withheld receipts of the Treasury, net of refunds—as misleading on various technical grounds. They said the rise in 1982 was attributable to higher penalties on shortfalls in estimated quarterly payments. Even if their argument were correct, however, the higher penalties would merely have shifted payments into 1982 from April 1983. However, including April 1983, the rich still paid decisively their highest share of income taxes in more than a decade. Moreover, the share of income taxes paid by the rich rose again for all of 1983. Thus, all the contentions of liberal economists that the higher share of taxes paid by the rich was an anomaly of the recession are refuted by the evidence that the rich increased their share of payments again during the recovery. Because this index of non-withheld payments is less affected by inflation, it is probably more dependable as a measure of the share of payments by the rich than the Treasury statistics by income group. With tax rates rising in 1984 the share of payments by the rich has recently begun to decline, though it remains substantially higher than at any time between the tax hikes of the early 1970s and the tax cut of 1981.

All this evidence leads inexorably to the conclusion that if Congress is completely unwilling to control spending, the only way it can reduce the deficit is by further reductions in the top tax rate. Tax shelters and other tax-related investments, particularly depreciable buildings that actually appreciate in value, still abound in the portfolios of otherwise productive Americans. It would be possible to spur new growth and induce a veritable flood of new revenue by dropping the top rate to a sensible level.

Missing all these key responses to taxation, the CBO study assumes that revenues would have been higher under the old rates. Thus the CBO argues that if the Carter policies of steadily rising tax rates had remained in effect, the deficit would have dropped to $39 billion by 1987 rather than rising by $180 billion as an effect of Reagan's tax cuts. However, Canada's per-capita deficits, for example, are nearly double ours, and its growth rate less than one-half ours, after allowing its income-tax rate to rise 10 per cent since 1981. In fact, throughout the world, according to a recent World Bank study, countries with high tax rates raise less new revenue than countries with low tax rates. The CBO projections assume not only that rich people—and their accountants and tax planners—are stupid enough to pay 70 per cent tax rates, but also that, when they do, they remain rich enough and dumb enough the next year to continue paying them. The CBO study imagines that the U.S. economy would have recovered as vigorously while tax rates on both individuals and corporations soared by some 40 per cent in four years. Such assumptions are not economics; they are either incompetence or deceit.

The other CBO contentions are equally fatuous. According to the study, the average family earning less than $10,000 lost $330 as a result of Reagan Administration policies. This finding ignores the small matter of four million new jobs that took people out of poverty at a rapid

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REPENT YE MUST BE SOAKED AGAIN!
CLEANSE THY WICKED WALLET
I BAPTIZE THEE IN THE NAME OF THE POOR, THE WOULD-BE POOR, THE ELDERLY, THE ALMOST ELDERLY, THE HUNGRY, THE SOON-TO-BE HUNGRY, THE LITTLE CHILDREN, THE GROWN CHILDREN, THE NEEDY, THE GREEDY, THE COLD, THE HOT, THE GOOD, THE BAD, THE UGLY...
WASH OUR DEFICITS AWAY!!
OUR MORAL MISSION of PERPETUAL SPENDING
TAXPAYER
RED INK

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pace in 1983, and the nearly five million net new jobs created under the Reagan Administration. It ignores the drop in inflation that slowed the move of the working poor into the bottom bracket, which was occurring at a rapid pace under Carter and would have continued under pre-Reagan tax policies and inflation rates. The finding also ignores the current entrepreneurial boom, including record minority business starts, venture-capital outlays, and technological creativity. A 1981 study by the GAO of 72 companies begun with $209 million in venture capital after the 1978 cut in the capital-gains tax indicated that they had directly generated 135,000 new jobs, $450 million in new tax revenues, and $900 million in new exports in four years. By that standard the $7 billion in new venture outlays since the Reagan tax cuts will directly generate four million new jobs, $15 billion in new taxes, and $27 billion in new exports. But the real benefits in innovation and growth will be far greater. Similar gains can be expected from the growth of $8 billion in the total unexpended venture-capital pool accumulated under Reagan. All these advances on the frontiers of technological change in the world economy will both enrich the coffers of the government and accelerate the movement of the poor out of poverty.

Despite all the ministrations of the welfare state, the gap between black and white family incomes has scarcely changed in 25 years

Meanwhile the real twenty-fold increase in welfare and other social spending over the last quarter-century has achieved historic highs in family breakdown and unemployment among poor blacks in America. In 1981, the illegitimacy rate, spurred on by giving 16-year-old girls welfare payments and free apartments if they bear children out of wedlock, rose to 55 per cent of all black births. Despite all the ministrations of the welfare state, the gap between black and white family incomes has scarcely changed in 25 years, and the real gap, exclusive of welfare and in-kind benefits, has actually grown. Anyone who has studied real ghetto conditions as opposed to poverty statistics recognizes that welfare plays a key role in this tragic wastage of ghetto lives. Meanwhile, the incomes of intact black families have risen to more than 90 per cent of the incomes of comparable white families. In the face of this evidence it is simply outrageous for Democrats to attack the Reagan Administration for insensitivity to the plight of the poor.

The welfare issue has been woefully confused by the debate over the deficit. Welfare is not a significant cause of the deficit. The reason to cut welfare is not that it wastes money, but that it wastes lives. Welfare creates a wreckage of broken hearts and families, crime and unemployment, and it intensifies and perpetuates poverty in the name of compassion.

The most recent statistics on tax receipts suggest that the effects of the 1981 tax cuts are being gradually countervailed by new tax increases. To fight the current deficit, new reductions in marginal rates are needed. Otherwise the economic results—as measured by the usual economists—will appear sluggish as the election approaches. Productivity, for example, will appear to be languishing. The Administration is going to have to learn how to interpret and explain an entrepreneurial economy.

The U.S. economy is growing again in a healthy way after the tumors and suppurations of the mid-1970s. But the thrust of the growth—as manifested by increasing tax payments by the rich—is entrepreneurial: a shift out of gold, collectibles, and other diversionary investments into the risks and challenges of productive activities. The key indices of the shift are the record 600,000 new companies begun in 1983, in an entrepreneurial upsurge that accelerated into 1984; the 60 per cent rise over the last four years in public companies listed over-the-counter; and the tripling of venture-capital outlays. Most important has been the world-leading surge in high-technology purchases, made possible by what is incomparably the world's most productive and creative software industry, transforming computer hardware into ever more useful and versatile equipment.

The driving force in the recovery has been the purchases of producer durables, which rose in 1983 at three times the pace of previous recoveries of the post-World War II era and were dominated by electronic gear. Not only did these purchases rise steadily through the end of 1982 and surge into the first quarter of 1983 at a record pace while retail sales were actually declining. These computers and related gear also were radically improving the efficiency of the U.S. capital stock. But Washington is completely incapable of measuring the productivity of this gear. In fact, the Bureau of Economic Statistics (BES) has assumed for 25 years that computers have been rising in price at a rate of 1 per cent per year, when in fact computers have been dropping in price at an exponential pace as measured by their explosive improvement in quality, power, and usefulness. Joel Popkin, formerly of the BES, estimates that the error in calculating the price of computing has led to a 5 per cent cumulative underestimate of real GNP, a $150-billion-odd mistake. But the real error in measuring the growth of an economy increasingly dominated by computers, semiconductors, and other products unmeasurable by the BES is much greater.

The recent economic revival has not been a mere cyclical recovery; it has been an industrial renaissance. If the Reagan Administration is going to respond effectively to its critics, and sustain its successes, it had better hire some economists who know what's going on. With Martin Feldstein's resignation as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, the Administration could bring on board a powerful spokesman for its policies as the campaign approaches.

Yet the word in Washington is that the Administration will refrain from naming a new chairman in order to avoid having to defend its economic policies before Congress. At the White House, so it often seems, the economy is seen as a game, scored by the deficit, and the Administration is losing. But there is a real-world economy out there, beyond Washington's phantom numbers, and the American people are winning again in the crucial realm of industrial creativity and progress. The rest of the world, from François Mitterrand to myriad Japanese, from Soviet spies to Gary Hart's speechwriters, knows it. Why not the White House? □

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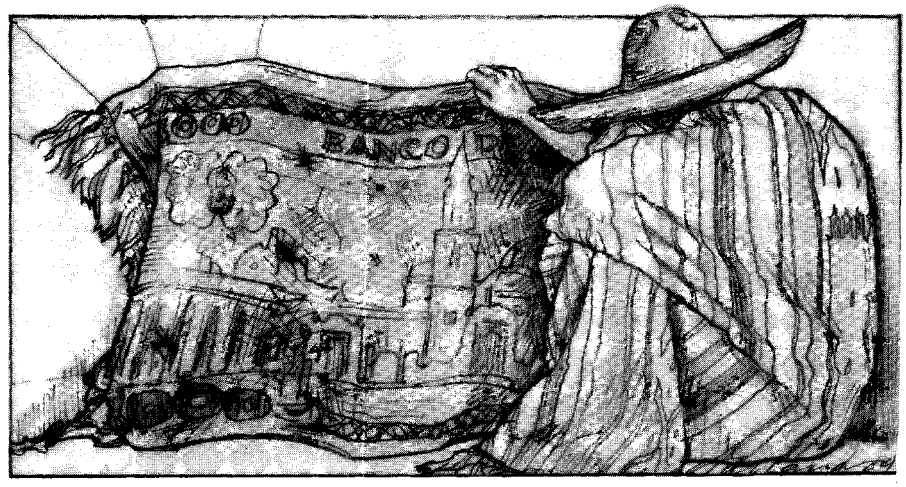
JOLOPO'S LEGACY / GEORGE BYRAM LAKE

¿WHAT NEXT IN MEXICO?



THAT LARGE SEGMENT of the Mexican public which automatically rejoices at news of a Mexican president telling off one or more eminent *Norteamericanos* was disappointed in the recent meeting of Miguel de la Madrid and Ronald Reagan. There weren't any official fireworks (although there was an excess of unofficial pyrotechnics, as the Mexican press furiously denounced the *Washington Post* and Jack Anderson for a column "exposing" vast corruption at the top of the Mexican government). True, during his visit President de la Madrid defended his government's financial and political support of Communist governments and guerrillas, specifically those in Central America, a policy that many highly articulate Mexicans denounce as unwise, immoral, and dangerous. But nobody in Washington made a sharp public issue of it, and the other major topics—illegal immigration, trade, and high interest rates—were explored and abandoned as currently insoluble.

Any hope the Mexican government may have had that the meeting would divert the attention of the citizens from their acute domestic problems was disappointed too. The signs of Mexican recovery cheerfully discerned by distant bankers are not visible to Juan Fulano, the Mexican John Doe. The problems of statecraft hold scant interest for people who wonder, as growing numbers of Mexicans are doing, where their next meal is coming from. Juan is both hungry and bitter.

Evidence is emerging daily that corruption in the Mexican government attained, between 1976 and 1982, a degree of virulence without parallel, and was largely responsible for plunging the nation into the worst financial crisis in its history.

The dimensions of the crisis are clear. Oil export sales totaling $45 billion, together with foreign borrowings to finance a vast, helter-skelter development program, funneled an extra $130 billion into the federal treasury during the six years of José López Portillo's presidency. Those billions are gone now, and the country is staggering under a foreign debt of $85 billion, the second largest in the world. Interest payments on that debt are soaking up most of the $13 billion in estimated income from petroleum sales abroad this year. Meanwhile, Finance Minister Jesús Silva Herzog, while facing another huge domestic budget deficit, is scouring the world for additional billions of dollars in loans to avert bankruptcy.

The public, recently euphoric over promises of prosperity, is appalled and resentful. Demands that those responsible for the debacle be brought to justice grow louder as living standards drop under the weight of high taxes, skyrocketing charges for public services, and inflation now running close to last year's rate of 80.8 per cent.

A drop of $4 per barrel from the peak price of oil reached in 1981 is officially blamed for the crash, but critics cite as primarily responsible pervasive fraud, waste caused by poor central planning, and the rush by the left-leaning bureaucracy to extend its control to all remaining free sectors of Mexico's economy. The government, which expropriated the entire banking system in 1982, now runs between 70 and 80 per cent of Mexican business and industry as well, and seems hungry for more. The ranks of privileged federal employees swelled in the six years under López Portillo from 998,600 to 1,583,800, and are still growing.

Miguel de la Madrid promised "moral renewal" in government, just as his predecessor did, but the conviction is widespread that the ancient, airtight grip on all levels of government by the Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI) must be relaxed if the party and the system of government it embodies are to be saved. While confidence in de la Madrid's good intentions remains high, impatience is growing. After 18 months in office, his clean-up job has barely begun. Most of the powerful suspects are still free, some of them as high-living fugitives abroad, and while the properties of some have been sequestered, no cash has been recovered. Meantime, the PRI, after the loss of some important municipal elections to opposition parties, has resumed its use of "electoral alchemy"—that is, multiple voting and ballot-box stuffing—to win elections.

"Since the vote is not respected," said *La Nación*, organ of the largest minority party, Acción Nacional, after

Mr. Lake writes frequently for NR *about Mexican affairs.*

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recent vote scandals, "the alternative is grim: revolution or a *golpe de estado*." Neither seems a current probability, but who knows?

De la Madrid has only slightly diminished early doubts about his willingness to go after suspect members of López Portillo's inner circle. Last summer he authorized the indictment of Jorge Díaz Serrano, ex-chief of PEMEX (Petróleos Mexicanos, the government oil monopoly) and an intimate friend of the former president, on charges of a $34-million fraud in the purchase of two tankers.

Instead of fleeing like the others, Díaz Serrano denied the charge and has spent a year in jail awaiting trial. He was the first of the "*peces gordos*" to be arrested, and he is a very fat fish indeed: former ambassador to Russia, former federal senator, former presidential prospect, and that rarest of strange fish in a government run exclusively by professional politicians, a highly successful businessman.

It was that eminence, many believe, that led to his fall. The belief was general at the time that he had been chosen to take the rap for someone higher up. Demonstrators at a hearing to strip him of his senatorial immunity carried placards reading: "*¿Y JoLoPo, cuándo?*" (and López Portillo, when?). Published reports contend that Díaz Serrano has documents to prove that he bought the ships on direct orders from Alicia López Portillo, sister and private secretary of the president.

The second pal of López Portillo's to be charged is Arturo Durazo Moreno, former chief of police of Mexico City and now a fugitive. Durazo had enjoyed the protection of López Portillo to an unusual degree, and the enormous sums of money he acquired as chief of police are believed to have come from standard police graft carried out on a larger scale and with greater daring than is customary. Official charges filed so far accuse him only of evasion of millions of pesos in taxes, illegal possession of arms, and smuggling, but indications abound that Durazo's exploits resembled those of Al Capone in more ways than one.

Hubris is what bagged Durazo. An underprivileged youth, he chanced to be the schoolmate of two future presidents of Mexico: Luis Echeverría and José López Portillo. He was a lowly cop when the latter made him his bodyguard, and subsequently chief of Mexico City's thirty thousand police. In the latter job Durazo suddenly began to spend money in great chunks. He ordered the construction of two enormous country estates, one in the Ajusco mountains between Mexico City and Cuernavaca, and the other at Zihuatanejo on the Pacific coast north of Acapulco. Each of them cost billions of pesos.

Tongues, naturally, began to wag. Here was "inexplicable enrichment" to match that of the president himself, who even then was building his own vast four-mansion compound on the Colina del Perro (Dog Hill) on the outskirts of Mexico City. Rumor says that that site was a gift from Durazo to his friend.

Home Sweet Home

DURAZO'S Ajusco spread consists of a six-bedroom mansion with elaborate gardens, a guest house with enclosed swimming pool, sauna, and gymnasium, a discothèque said to be modeled on Studio 54 in New York City, a Swiss chalet, a greenhouse, a stable housing 19 Thoroughbreds, a dog-racing track built around an artificial lake, a helicopter landing pad, an elaborate shooting stand, a collection of antique cars in a separate structure, servants' quarters, and countless other facilities including two guard houses, all surrounded by a stone fence two yards high topped by three strands of barbed wire. The police chief, who until recently lived in a miserable apartment and drew a salary of $65 a week, seeks only the best.

The federal government is now, very slowly indeed, investigating charges that most workers on the project were on the police-department payroll. It has been reported that an examination of the house disclosed the furniture and fittings to be contraband. Also that a search there turned up an imposing collection of illicit firearms. Disgruntled neighbors complain that they were intimidated into selling land cheaply to Durazo, and that police helicopters delivered men and materials to the site in daily relays.

The Zihuatanejo estate, known as "the Parthenon" for the colonnaded front of the main house, commands a fine view of the Pacific Ocean. It is smaller than the Ajusco property, but no less luxurious. Featured are copies of ancient Greek statues set in niches along interior walls and on pedestals in the garden. There is a swimming pool on the upper level and bath and guest houses on the seashore below.

"The Parthenon" was built illegally on state-owned land, the government contends, with tons of stone taken from a state-owned quarry nearby. Neighbors there, as in Ajusco, say that Durazo trampled on their rights by building an access road across their properties without bothering to ask.

Both estates have been seized by the government, along with a well-stuffed warehouse in Mexico City. Efforts to seize Durazo's multimillion-dollar bank accounts in Los Angeles and in Canada, where he is reported to have obtained citizenship within recent months, are under way. So too is investigation of multiple charges of extortion, drug dealing, procuring, and fraud made against Durazo in a book signed by one José González y González, a former aide who was, by his own admission, a *pistolero* for hire with some fifty killings on his conscience, such as it is.

On the cover of his paperback is a color photo of the semi-literate Durazo, in academic gown and mortarboard, receiving the degree of doctor honoris causa from the federal Legion of Honor, with a former supreme-court justice presiding. News of the award scandalized some respectable members of that order.

The book is a runaway best-seller, having gone through an unprecedented 23 editions in a few weeks. In it González y González gives names, dates, and amounts in reports of massive bribes, payoffs, and extortions. It was publication of this book, newspaper accounts agree, that made it impossible for de la Madrid to delay any further the investigation of rumors of crimes, including at least one mass murder, by the police chief and some of his lieutenants. The newspapers now are nearly unanimous in charging that numerous elements in the police department show no sign of moral regeneration since Durazo's departure, and that cops continue to prey on the public they are paid to protect. A warrant for the arrest of González y González on charges of slander has been issued.

While in office, a president of Mexico is effectively immune from public criticism. Television is too closely under government control to be daring, and the press is obliged to be prudent

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by the threat of having its newsprint cut off or government advertising withdrawn. Since the government runs more than nine hundred business and industrial concerns, including the nation's largest, that could be fatal to a newspaper.

The president's mantle protects close associates and known favorites such as Durazo. The police chief obtained the support of "my pal Pepe" so invariably in bureaucratic squabbles that his opponents quit trying. The president brushed off reports of his misdeeds—such as levying a personal charge of 1,000 pesos (then about $40 U.S.) on each of the 1.6 million auto license plates sold in the Federal District in 1980—with a boys-will-be-boys smile. Amidst it all, he promoted Durazo to the rank of general, much to the disgust of the army.

The Durazo Trail

ONCE A president steps down, his immunity begins to dissolve at a rate proportional to the decline in cordiality between the new president and the old. De la Madrid's authorization of the indictment of Durazo was seen, mistakenly, as signaling a definite break with the man who chose him to be president. After López Portillo made a quick trip from his haven in Europe to confer with de la Madrid, newspaper clamor against Durazo died away quickly.

The search for Durazo seems less than rigorous. Published reports have him living in luxury in Cuba. His wife, however, has run into difficulties in Canada, where she and their teenage daughter took refuge two years ago. The Canadian government has sued for $1,140,000 in back taxes and penalties on income from bank deposits. Her two houses—one near Montreal and the other in Quebec—have been attached and Mrs. Durazo has been ordered to leave the country.

Meanwhile, news of a tiff between Mexico's two surviving ex-presidents gave the top brass of the PRI something more to worry about. Luis Echeverría published a book criticizing aspects of José López Portillo's reign. That stung the latter into a three-word reply printed as a display ad in a Mexico City daily: "*¿Tú también, Luis?*" (You too, Luis?), echoing the dying Caesar's reproach of Brutus for that "most unkindest cut of all."

"A retiring president does not insist that his successor follow his policies," a reviewer remarked. "What he wants is a promise to cover his rear. That's why Luis is sore at JoLoPo. The latter, in his idealistic early days in office, jailed some of Luis's cronies and forced them to disgorge a few million of their loot.

"Now we're likely to see publication of the long-suppressed memoirs of President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz lamenting his choice of Echeverría for the presidency. It wouldn't take a lot of this kind of thing to tear the party apart."

In reply to stepped-up demands that López Portillo and some members of his family be brought to trial, the attorney general continues to insist that there are no grounds for legal action against them. "There must be some way," the *Mexico City Daily News* muttered editorially, "that he and his whole clan be made to cough up part of the millions they bilked from the nation."

Some observers found hints of a small move in that direction in de la Madrid's recent order clipping the wings of the "untouchable" Sindicato de Trabajadores Petroleros de la República Mexicana (STPRM). That 110,000-man union has been regarded for many years as the most corrupt and arrogant labor organization in Mexico. Among its privileges was that of contracting for half of all PEMEX development projects—building, trucking, pipeline construction, the manufacture and installation of off-shore drilling platforms, and the like—some of them involving the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars. The union bosses then sublet the contracts to companies capable of doing the actual work. The latter, of course, raised their prices enough to cover the cost of "gratifications" of about 30 per cent paid to the union.

Under another remarkable concession by PEMEX, the union receives a "commission" of 2 per cent on each of the billions of pesos the company spends annually. The money was earmarked for "social purposes" benefiting the rank-and-file. However, the books have never been audited, and union chieftains long have been notorious for ostentatious spending beyond anything imagined by Durazo. Backed by a latent threat to close down Mexico's main source of income, the union rulers had so tightened their grip on PEMEX that there was loud public demand for "a new expropriation"—this time not from foreign oil companies but from the union goons.

A savage fight waged last fall by the two men who run the union as their personal property—Joaquín Hernández Galicia (La Quina) and Salvador Barragán Camacho (Chava)—against Héctor García Hernández (Mr. Tricks), their former aide, brought charges and countercharges of enormous thefts of union funds and focused harsh criticism on union practices. Mr. Tricks fled to his vacation home in McAllen, Texas, but was kidnapped there and returned to Mexico in the trunk of a car. He is in jail in Mexico City under double guard while awaiting trial. His former bosses have been too busy during the intervening months to obey a judge's summons to answer embezzlement charges in court. "In mocking the judge and the law," said the weekly *Impacto*, "this powerful pair make it plain to all that they respect no power but their own. With them 'moral renewal' simply doesn't apply."

Who Next?

THESE melodramatic events, spiced by two cases in which union members suspected of intending to talk to reporters abruptly became dead, captured the newspaper headlines for weeks. The government's hand was forced, resulting in an order forbidding any government agency or company to subcontract its work. "It was high time," the newspaper *Excélsior* said. "In abolishing subcontracts—most of them fraudulent—a source of incredible riches to the leaders of the STPRM is brought to an end."

An *Excélsior* columnist estimated the "legal and illegal" income of La Quina and Barragán at $750 million a year and predicted that "neither will ever stand before a judge, regardless of the number or nature of crimes attributed to them." Why? "They have too much money."

Regardless of what may happen to the others involved in the slow-moving effort to clean up Mexican political life, the question of paramount interest to the Mexican public now is, as it has been ever since President de la Madrid took office, "And López Portillo, when?" The only good bet now is: Never. □

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THE CRIME OF WYATT MATTHEWS

GRAFENWÖHR LIES in a remote corner of northeastern Bavaria, twenty miles or so from Czechoslovakia, just beyond the minefields. It is a training area for U.S. Army armored units in Germany; the units with their officers and enlisted personnel rotate in and out regularly, getting a taste of living in the field and firing their impressive weaponry for practice with live ammunition. It is cold there in February, as my family and I well know, for we lived in the tiny village of Vilseck, about 12 miles south of Grafenwöhr, for a year in the mid-Seventies. The events I am about to describe took place on February 27, 1979, three years after we left. The aftermath dragged on for five years.

Phyllis was 29 and beautiful, the wife of an Army career warrant officer helicopter pilot. She had been, for about a month, substituting as a camp librarian, filling in for a woman on maternity leave. Private First Class Wyatt L. Matthews, 22 and, some evidence indicates, mildly retarded as well as alcoholic, had been in the Army for 18 months, in Germany for one.

None of the following facts is seriously in dispute.

As Phyllis walked toward the library on the afternoon of February 27, Matthews followed her, attempting to strike up a conversation. She did not reply. Later, in the library, Matthews asked Phyllis for a date. She declined, replying that she was a married woman. He then asked her to find two "sexy books" for him, and she suggested that he try a nearby bookstore. After all the other patrons had left the library, Matthews asked her to locate for him a book that he apparently knew to be in the rear of the library. Matthews did not follow her at first, instead lingering to remove the door key and library scissors from Phyllis's desk. He wore gloves. After securing the front door, Matthews confronted Phyllis in the back of the library, covered her mouth with his hand, forced her to disrobe or disrobed her himself from the waist down, and raped her.

During the rape Matthews stabbed her with the scissors, which were nine inches long. Fifty-one stab wounds later, Phyllis died, although her assailant stabbed her at least twice more. Carrying her underpants as a trophy, Matthews left the library, forgetting for a time the scissors and a six-pack of beer he had brought in with him; he later returned and coolly retrieved them before the body was discovered.

Phyllis's husband became concerned at her failure to return home at the accustomed hour. He went to the library and found her body at 9:20 P.M.

Brought to trial that summer in Grafenwöhr, Matthews was prosecuted by a law-school colleague of mine. Defended by both civilian and military counsel, he attempted to plead guilty to the charges: premeditated murder and rape. But because the prosecution was seeking the death penalty, the plea was rejected; in the military, whenever the accused is in jeopardy of forfeiting his life, the government's evidence must be put to the test. After a ten-day trial, Matthews was convicted of both charges and was sentenced to death by the only forum that can impose such a sentence in the military, a unanimous jury (called "court members" in military practice). Interestingly enough, the colonel who served as president of the court, functioning as a jury foreman, is black, as are Matthews and the commanding general who ordered the case to trial after an exhaustive investigation. But Phyllis was white, and the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, the ACLU, and other itinerant officious intermeddlers joined the battle to prevent Matthews from being the first person executed by the military in more than two decades.

The legal issues on appeal were, in fact, not complex, notwithstanding the 750 pages of briefs that were filed. Among them were, first, the constitutionality of the statute authorizing death as a sentencing option in cases of premeditated murder in the military after the Supreme Court's 1972 decision in *Furman* v. *Georgia*, which struck down the death penalties of the states as arbitrarily and capriciously imposed; second, the question of whether the military judge's charge to the jury adequately focused their deliberations on sentencing on whether to impose death; and, finally, one or two legalistic niceties so sublime in their hypertechnicality as to make a Buddha—or a Founding Father—weep.

Certainly I do not mean to make light of Matthews's predicament, or of society's; no one should be put to

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death for a crime without a thorough and impartial review of the trial proceedings. Neither, however, is it unrealistic in most cases to posit that such a review can be completed within a year of the judgment of death. It is sheer fantasy to suppose that the drafters of our Constitution envisioned the talismanic patchwork of repetitive reviews amounting, in the words of Supreme Court Justice Lewis F. Powell Jr., to a "now familiar abuse of process" that has caused the death-row population in the United States to soar beyond 1,100—a total even more startling when one considers that the Supreme Court temporarily emptied our death rows with its decision in *Furman* just 12 years ago.

It is rare enough for lawyers, let alone laymen, to reflect on what our Constitution actually does have to say about capital punishment, or judicially imposed punishment of any kind: "No person shall be . . . deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law . . . Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted."

It has been observed that Leon Czolgosz went to his death 49 days after his victim, President William McKinley, and no one has ever seriously contended that he was denied "due process of law." The Framers of the Constitution, of course, had no intention of abolishing the death penalty with their reference to "cruel and unusual punishments," and the Supreme Court itself, until 1972, addressed only the *method* of execution and the appropriateness of death for a specific crime when called upon to interpret the phrase. Since 1976, the death penalty has again been adjudged lawful in most states under statutes that have passed the constitutional muster mandated in *Furman*. Nonetheless, we are all familiar with the not infrequent spectacle of a condemned prisoner being put to death only after spending his final weeks firing a light brigade of *pro bono* ambulance chasers and insisting that he prefers death to life imprisonment; or after truly heroic efforts by a state attorney general who has spent days flying around the country opposing spurious last-minute appeals in various forums. Justice Powell, speaking before the 11th Circuit Conference, provided an excellent example of that phenomenon:

You will not, of course, read very much about Phyllis. She has been in her grave for more than five years

> The most recent example is the *Evans* case from Alabama. Evans was found guilty and sentenced to die in 1977. No one seriously suggested his innocence or that under existing law capital punishment was not a merited sentence. Resourceful counsel, six months after federal habeas seemed to have been exhausted, sought a stay of execution from me as circuit justice. Filing of the application was delayed for two months after Evans's motion for a new sentencing hearing was denied. Filed late on April 19, it reached my chambers on the morning of the 20th, forty hours before scheduled execution time.
>
> With the concurrence of six other members of the Court, I denied the application at 5:45 P.M. on April 21. Approximately twenty minutes later, and with no notice to us, the same counsel filed a new petition for a writ of habeas corpus in the District Court for the Southern District of Alabama. The petition raised numerous grounds resolved in the prior habeas proceedings and also purported to identify "new" grounds. This belated filing occurred less than seven hours before scheduled execution time. After consideration by all nine of us, we granted the state's application to dissolve and vacate the stay. . . .

Abuse of process, indeed. But why does it happen? Why is it tolerated? And why does it, almost invariably, work? The answer is *not* primarily based in law, for the imposition of death is, under many circumstances, lawful; the statutes that authorize it and the judicial decisions interpreting them are, if not crystalline in their clarity, at least not hopelessly opaque. The respectable intellectual case based in law, logic, precedent, or morality for the abolition of the death penalty has yet to be made; the best its opponents can muster is squeamishness and pity lacquered over with learned argument. And no one who examines even a random sampling of the crimes committed by those currently on death row can have any conscientious doubts that the imposition of death is appropriate for these offenses; we no longer adjudge death for garden-variety rapists, heat-of-passion killers, or even most premeditated murderers. The death penalty has long been adjudged only for the most savage crimes.

Part of the responsibility for the current impasse, of course, lies with the lawyers. I am not well acquainted with any of the small platoon of attorneys who defended Wyatt Matthews, but I doubt that any of them was personally committed to him. The civilian who defended him at trial (and who spent the first 15 minutes of the final appellate argument apologizing for his own performance at trial—a novel approach to trying to obtain a reversal for incompetency of counsel) stayed on the case, and I doubt that he was paid much, if anything. The public-interest lawyers were being faithful to their muses, trying to convince us that when a black is executed it is only because he is black; or that the military-justice system is corrupt; or that capital punishment is an abomination in a society as highly evolved as ours; or that the statute under which Matthews was sentenced is technically unconstitutional; or that we didn't do it right the first time at trial and so we have to be made to do it all over again. The military attorneys assigned to work on Matthews's behalf did their jobs to the best of their abilities, and were thus being true to their oaths as attorneys and officers. All of Matthews's lawyers—retained, *pro bono*, and military—were of course aware that this is a landmark case, and that having worked on it would enhance their professional reputations regardless of whether he lived or died. The opportunity to work on a case of this sort, in or out of the military and regardless of the outcome, is a thing to be cherished. However, at the end of the well-traveled road of judicial process, there comes a division. On one side stand attorneys who are guided by the law; on the other are those whose abhorrence of capital punishment is so strong, for whatever reason, that they are willing to engage in "the now familiar abuse of process" described by Justice Powell.

But why does it work? Because

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judges are lawyers and among them is a contingent whose reluctance to impose the death penalty is equal to that of the defendant's lawyers. We now have a federal judiciary that is more than 50 per cent Carter appointees, a group of modernist jurists disproportionately liberal and anti-capital-punishment. Regardless of the forum or the merits of the case, it is not difficult to find a federal judge who does not want to be the last person to say No to a condemned prisoner, and who will assume jurisdiction—or pretend that he has it—so that he can grant a stay that brings the machinery of justice to a grinding halt just long enough to allow the death warrant to expire, so that a new one will have to be applied for and obtained from the governor, a new date will have to be set, witnesses will have to be screened and renotified . . . And while all that is going on there are still *other* forums where photocopies of rejected briefs can be filed. In the world of legal practitioners who believe that the law is, or should be, whatever feels good, it is easy to find someone who believes that saving a life—even the life of someone as dangerous to others as Matthews—is a noble cause.

The apparently principled reluctance to impose the death penalty is often nothing more than moral squeamishness, the wish to be spared the unpleasant consequences of hard decisions. Fornicators, adulterers, abortionists, and murderers usually operate with a modicum of privacy—if not outright clinical respectability—and we are generally spared witnessing the consequences of their acts unless we are among the injured parties. But Matthews has the form and substance of an adult human. He is verbal. He is, in a sordid way, a celebrity. His battle to remain alive has been noteworthy, and his execution would be even more so; you would read about his final words, about his last meal and the reactions of witnesses, about the executioner's preparations, the disposition of the corpse, the inevitable protestors, his mother's tears. We would be forced, as a society, to participate in his suffering, and that robs us of the will to exact righteous retribution.

You will not, of course, read very much about Phyllis. She has been in her grave for more than five years, and her husband is remarried and retired from the Army. She is simply another victim who, in the words of Dr. Willard Gaylin, in *The Killing of Bonnie Garland*,

> . . . in a time so short as to seem indecent to the members of the personal family . . . ceases to exist as an identifiable figure. To those individuals in the community of good will and empathy, warmth and compassion, only one of the key actors in the drama remains with whom to commiserate—and that is always the criminal. The dead person ceases to be a part of everyday reality, ceases to exist. She is only a figure in a historic event. We inevitably turn away from the past, toward the ongoing reality. And the ongoing reality is the criminal; trapped, anxious, now helpless, isolated, often badgered and bewildered. He usurps the compassion that is justly his victim's due. He will steal his victim's constituency along with her life.

Matthews will be with us for a long time, for his needs are met and he is well cared for, at an approximate cost of $15,000 per year

Matthews's death sentence was upheld by the United States Army Court of Military Review in Falls Church, Virginia, late in the winter of 1982. In a well-reasoned opinion, the court held that the statute authorizing death as a sentencing option in cases of premeditated murder in the military was constitutional under the *Furman* test, and analogized the statute to others that have been upheld by the Supreme Court. It took another year for briefs to be prepared and argument scheduled before the United States Court of Military Appeals—a panel of three civilian judges appointed by the President to 15-year terms—which is the highest military court in the land.

As the bailiff took his seat on April 20, 1983, Chief Judge Robinson O. Everett said, "On our docket for oral argument this morning is the case of the United States versus Wyatt L. Matthews. Are counsel ready to proceed?" Argument, rebuttal, and questioning took four and a half hours. When the proceedings in the hot, crowded courtroom became too repetitive, I studied the other spectators from my seat near the rear of the chamber. Among them were Matthews's mother and sister, and Phyllis's parents and aunt and uncle. The only outward show of emotion I detected was from the aunt—whom Phyllis closely resembled. She pressed a handkerchief to her mouth during counsel's brief recitation of the facts of the murder.

The *amici* from the ACLU on behalf of Matthews and from the Department of Justice on behalf of the prosecution argued brilliantly. Captain Michael Pfau was lead counsel for the prosecution and primary drafter of the government's two-hundred-page final brief. His argument was articulate and aggressive, his responses to questions unhesitating and, when necessary, innovative. His knowledge of the case and the applicable law was simply exhaustive. The reactions of appellate judges on the bench do not always presage their ruling, but in this case they were clearly unreceptive to most of the prosecution's theories on constitutionality in sentencing procedures. The judges did not want to discuss the crime itself —*that* was not one of the more important issues specifically before the court —and when Captain Pfau tried to, Chief Judge Everett told him courteously that the facts of the offense were familiar to the court.

On October 11, 1983, the court issued its 39-page decision, the heart of which reads:

> To pass the test of constitutionality, each "aggravating circumstance" which the jury found and upon which its decision was based "must genuinely narrow the class of persons eligible for the death penalty and must reasonably justify the imposition of a more severe sentence on the defendant compared to others found guilty of murder." . . . Unfortunately, neither the [Uniform] Code [of Military Justice] nor the Manual [for Courts Martial] requires that the court members specifically identify the aggravating factors upon which they have relied in choosing to impose the death penalty. Since they provide no insight into their sentencing deliberations, it is impossible upon review to determine whether they have made an "*individualized* determination on the basis of the character of the individual and the circumstances of the crime," and whether they have "adequately differentiate[d] this

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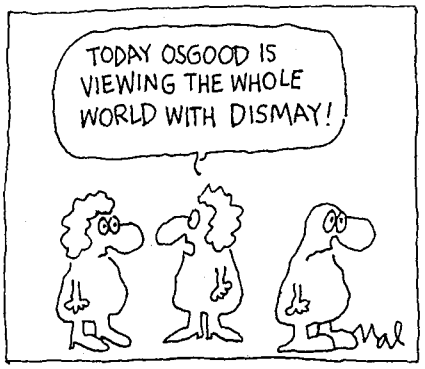

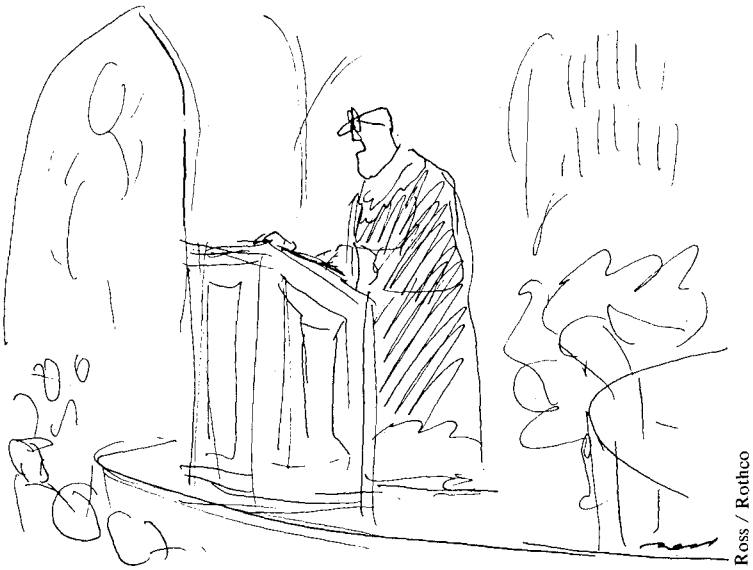

Ross / Rothco

". . . representing an 82 per cent increase in net sin over the same period last year."

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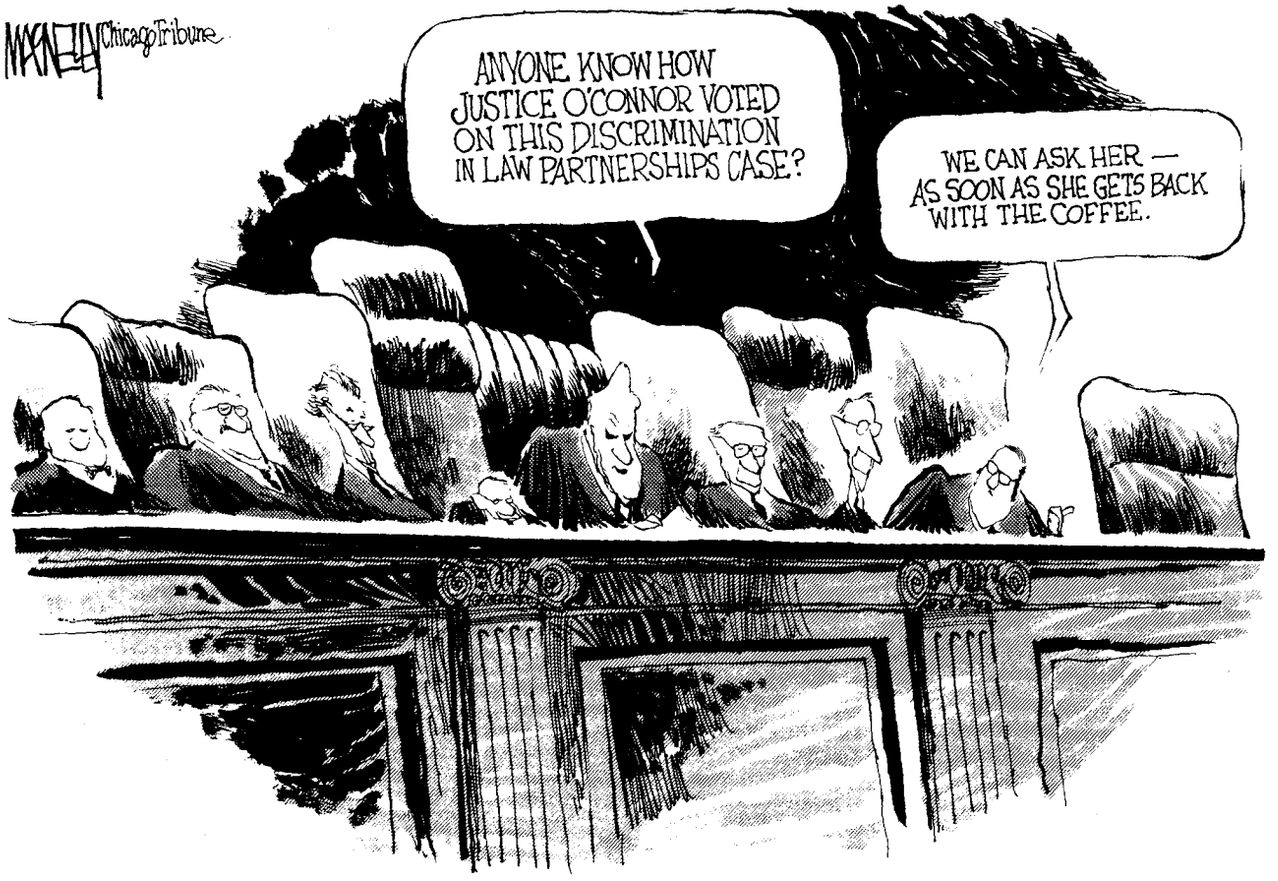
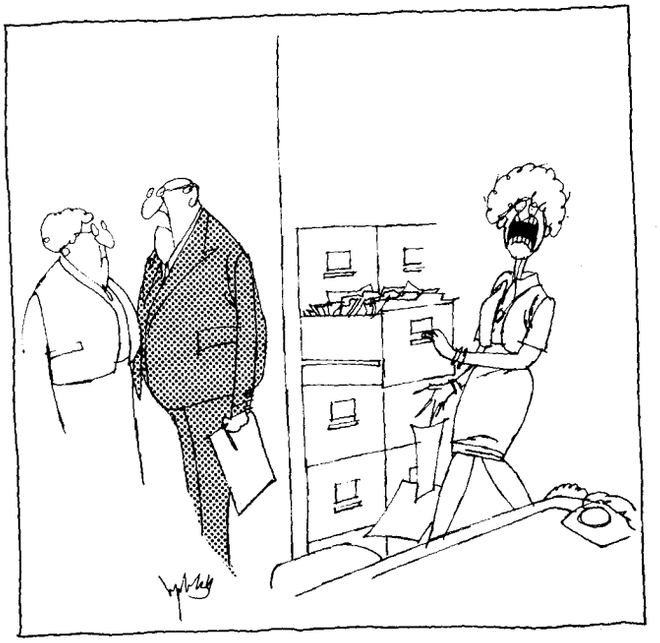

MANLEY Chicago Tribune
ANYONE KNOW HOW JUSTICE O'CONNOR VOTED ON THIS DISCRIMINATION IN LAW PARTNERSHIPS CASE?
WE CAN ASK HER — AS SOON AS SHE GETS BACK WITH THE COFFEE.

Tip O'Neill Erupts

His wattles empurpled and veins standing out,
The Speaker arose and proceeded to shout
At Congressman Gingrich, who'd lectured a House
Quite empty except for the mike and a mouse.
The subject of Congressman Gingrich's talk
Was not the immediate cause of the squawk,
But, rather, the cameraman panning the seats
With members, including Himself, out for eats.

W. H. von Dreele



"Tell that new secretary to stop screaming over the condition of my files."

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case in an objective, even-handed, and substantively rational way" from the other murder cases in which the death penalty was not imposed. . . .

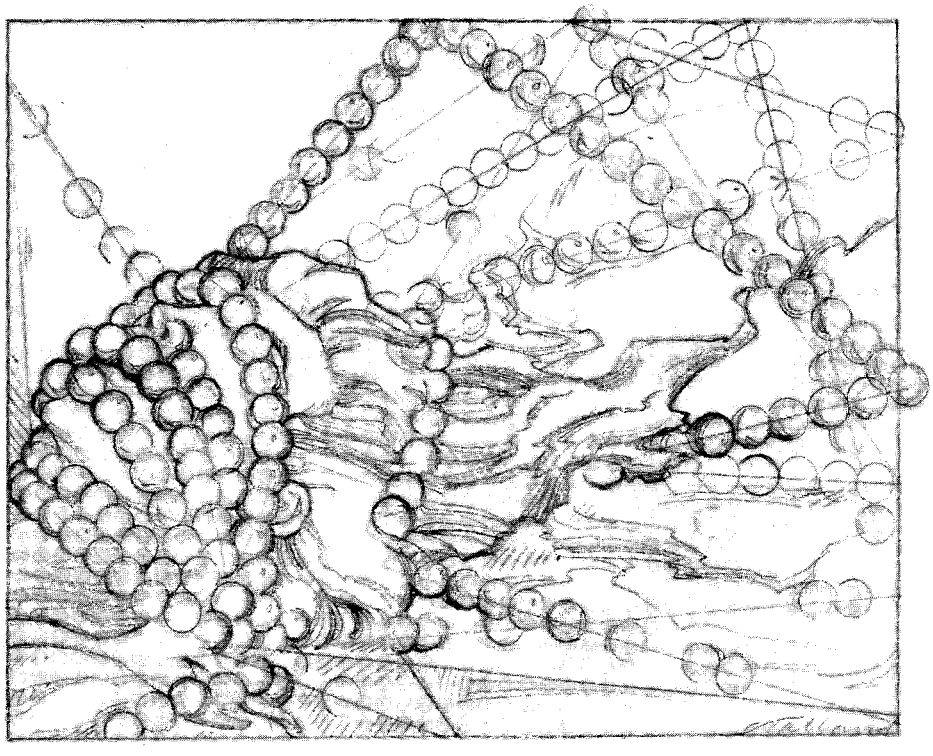
The evidence of record in this case provides ample aggravating circumstances to distinguish it from other murder cases and to justify the imposition of the sentence imposed. However, the lack of specific findings of identified aggravating circumstances makes meaningful appellate review . . . impossible, and we cannot be sure that the sentence was correctly imposed. . . .

. . . The decision of the United States Army Court of Military Review is reversed as to sentence . . .

However, the court went on to state that "a conviction of premeditated murder can sustain a death sentence if proper sentencing procedures are employed" and the "great breadth of the delegation of power to the President by Congress with respect to court-martial procedures and sentences grants him the authority to remedy the present defect in the court-martial sentencing procedure for capital cases." If Congress or the President were to promulgate new sentencing procedures consistent with the decision within ninety days of the court's mandate, a rehearing convened solely to address the matter of an appropriate sentence for Matthews could be ordered, and he could again be sentenced to death.

In which event, we would turn the clock back to July 1979, and the appellate gauntlet would begin anew; the case would find its way again to the Court of Military Appeals, and might be argued by attorneys now in grammar school. A pending change in the applicable law, to be effective August 1 of this year, will authorize direct appeals from decisions of the Court of Military Appeals to the Supreme Court. Previously, there was no direct route of appeal for most military defendants into the federal court system, but exceptions were made. The conviction of mass murderer Lieutenant William Calley was eventually upheld by the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, and *certiorari* was denied by the Supreme Court; Captain Howard Levy, the physician who counseled disloyalty and disobedience among enlisted soldiers during the Vietnam War, eventually had his conviction reviewed, and affirmed, by the Supreme Court.

Assuming affirmance of a death sentence by the Supreme Court, the case would then go to the President, for he must personally approve the execution of any sentence to death before it can be imposed upon a member of the armed forces. In such a case, were the incumbent a Democrat whose political fortunes depended on the constituencies from which most capital offenders, and many of their lawyers, have sprung, he would probably commute the sentence to life imprisonment. If the incumbent were Ronald Reagan or any of his likely Republican successors, the sentence would probably be approved.



However, the issue as to Matthews is now moot. On January 24, 1984, President Reagan signed Executive Order No. 12460, revising sentencing procedures in military capital cases in accordance with the Court of Military Appeals' mandate. However, perhaps in order to avoid double jeopardy and *ex post facto* problems in yet another round of the seemingly endless appeals of the then-pending death-penalty cases, the Executive Order specifically directed that it be applied only to capital crimes committed on or after its effective date—January 24, 1984. The United States Army Court of Military Review had no choice but to issue an Opinion of the Court on Further Review, which it did on March 7, 1984: ". . . this Court . . . affirms that portion of appellant's sentence adjudging a dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of all pay and allowances, and reduction to the grade of Private E-1, and substitutes confinement at hard labor for life for appellant's sentence to death." It is likely that Matthews will become eligible for parole consideration at some time.

In any event, he will be with us for a long time, for his needs are met and he is well cared for, at an approximate cost to the taxpayers of $15,000 per year, not including legal costs. What can be done? I wish I knew. Not long ago I read a dazzling 1,200-word essay which concluded irresistibly that the problems of the Middle East are, quite simply, insoluble. So may be the virtual stalemate on capital punishment. Even Justice Powell has little to offer, except to observe that

> This malfunctioning of our system of justice is unfair to the hundreds of prisoners confined anxiously on death row. It also disserves the public interest in the implementation of lawful sentences. Moreover, it undermines public confidence in our system of justice and the will and ability of the courts to administer it. Unless the courts—and Congress—discharge their respective duties to move effectively to address this problem, the legislatures of the several states should abolish capital punishment.

In the meantime, while stratospheric thinkers and rigorous scholars continue to wrestle with the momentous issues, Matthews—serving a life sentence in the U.S. Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth—more than five years after his crime, lives on and, it now appears, may outlive us all. □

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APOCALYPTIC THOUGHTS

IT OPENED with a prominent Sovietologist calling America the most expansionist power in history, and closed after a suave Russian diplomat had explained that his country's troops were in Afghanistan to help preserve the principle of self-determination. In between, a Catholic priest urged the United States to stop threatening Moscow, a representative of the American Friends Service Committee proclaimed that unilateral disarmament would restore Soviet faith in our good intentions, and a Physician for Social Responsibility dispelled any doubts that nuclear weapons could do quite a number on Worcester, Massachusetts.

But it must be added that I was the most controversial speaker on the dais at this "nuclear-awareness" forum, sponsored by the Clark University Nuclear Awareness Committee and held at the Bancroft School in Worcester. By raising a number of unpleasant points about the Soviet Union, my comments disturbed the prevailing harmony; although the audience of high-school students treated me cordially, they clearly found my conduct oddly amusing—somewhat like that of a man who has belched in polite society. By and large, the Soviet speaker got a more friendly hearing, although when he said that dissidents in his country were little more than "hooligans," a few giggles could be heard coming from the far corners of the auditorium.

If this episode typifies how "public education" on the arms race is being presented—and received—the nuclear freeze is only one of the many troublesome ideas sprouting up across the country. Under the careful cultivation of people with a bent for revisionist history, genuine public fears of a nuclear holocaust have proven fertile ground not only for a new crop of arms-control proposals, but for some hardy perennials as well—particularly that distinctly American tendency toward broad, unhesitating national self-contempt and its companion, a remorsefully generous view of the Soviet Union. Behind public sympathy for the freeze lies a hazy but growing belief that today's arms race is our fault. What the anti-nuclear movement proposes is bad, but what it leads people to assume could be far worse.

As is the fashion today, the Worcester forum started off with pictures of mushroom clouds and radiation burns: The students were shown a film of Hiroshima and its aftermath that, the headmaster anxiously assured me, was utterly non-ideological. Well of course there *is* nothing inherently tendentious about a reminder that the weapons man has invented can obliterate him. But is it conceivable that even one of these bright students didn't know that already? After all, mushroom clouds have appeared so frequently on television these past few months, it is surprising that nightly news telecasts haven't been declared dangerously radioactive. Sadly enough, it appears that the result, and generally speaking the intended result, of displaying these horrific images so often is not to inform people, but to shape a particular mindset. Once public consciousness has been sufficiently saturated with images of the impending cataclysm, people become unwilling to believe that there could be any compelling reason to build weapons of this nature. Instead, they want to be told that the whole thing is a ghastly error, a mistake that can be corrected, a disease that can be cured. Their gut reaction is that somebody has blown it and we have to find out who before the whole thing gets completely out of hand.

Precisely that service was performed by the opening speaker, the scholar of Soviet affairs. As his youthful audience sat in grave silence, he expressed a rather fearful certainty that sometime around the year 2000 we would all be consumed by nuclear holocaust. For this gloomy eschatological forecast, he relied on an extrapolation of trends in the climate of public opinion in postwar America: propagandistic distortions, which blind us to the fact that Russia is different from America and inherently requires authoritarian rule to prevent social collapse; self-righteous bellicosity, which prevents us from grasping that our belligerence feeds Soviet insecurity, forcing the Kremlin to crack down at home and lash out abroad; sheer ignorance, which stops us from grasping that the best way to calm Soviet fears would be to accept the Kremlin's conduct—including, and here the professor was quite explicit, that of the KGB—as utterly normal and legitimate for Soviet society; and imperialist arrogance, which leads us to seek world hegemony on the flimsy pretext of propagating and preserving Western values. All told, our insensitivity to the exigencies of Soviet life and our own relentless moral imperialism have backed the Kremlin into a corner; with nuclear weapons piled so high, all will be lost when push comes to shove.

NO OTHER speaker quite matched the professor when it came to turning history on its head, but each echoed his sentiments. The priest radiated a gentle, otherworldly brand of optimism about cooperation between the great powers (at least he didn't warn that hell yawns before those who advocate a strong deterrent), while the physician saw it as social responsibility to notify us that in case of nuclear war her services would be unavailable. The American Friend demonstrated yet again the odd irony of his organization's name by claiming that the United States was at fault for continually poisoning the atmosphere between East and West. Like each speaker be-

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fore him, he told the students that it is time for us to rise above politics and overcome this nuclear danger through cooperation.

When his turn came, the Soviet diplomat politely seconded the sentiments expressed by his fellow speakers—a gesture that neatly appeared to dissolve the spirit of debate in the spirit of détente. Indeed, he fit so neatly into the flow of things that his remarks barely created a ripple. Yes, the Russian people are frightened; yes, they are confused and hurt by American hostility; no, the U.S. leadership sadly appears not to realize how dangerous the nuclear situation has become; certainly, disarmament must begin, and Reagan should accept the Kremlin's next offer. Although an unmistakable Russian accent betrayed his origins, it only lent an ecumenical tone to the harmonious proceedings.

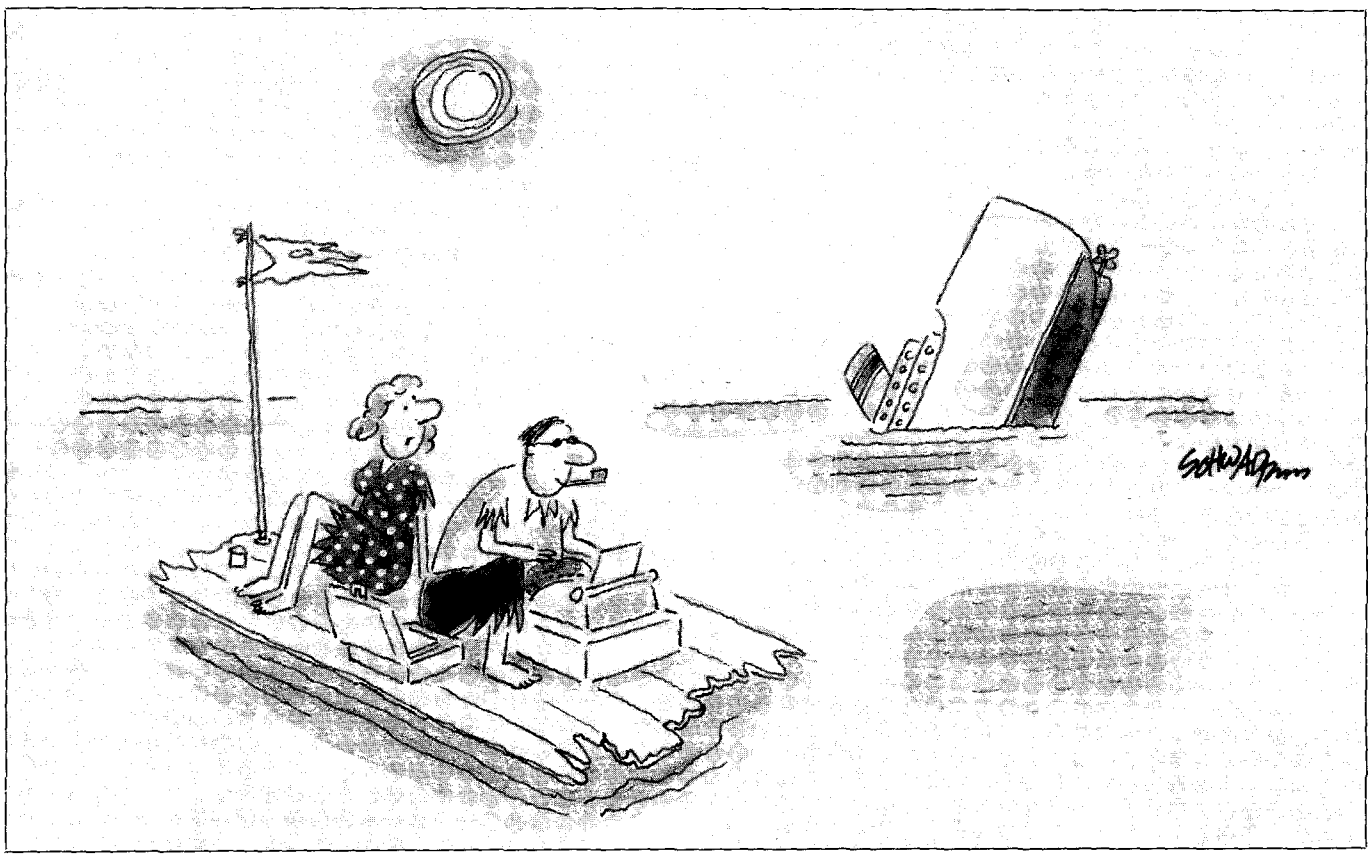
As the Russian drew to a close, it struck me that my own prepared comments were useless. I had planned to warn the audience against a freeze because it might push us toward unilateral disarmament; but since unilateral disarmament seemed to be what each of the preceding speakers was calling for explicitly, there seemed good reason to ad-lib. But where to begin? The number and variety of revisionist concoctions spread out in smorgasbord style by the other speakers were so overwhelming that I could take only a few nibbles of each.

WHAT MOST urgently required setting straight was the artificial separation of the arms race from its historical and political setting.

Nuclear weapons, I said, are not a horrible mistake born of our ignorance and arrogance, they are a horrible necessity arising from decades of confrontation. Missiles are not created equal, but are endowed by their creators with certain missions, some of which can be justified. America constructed its arsenal to stem the expansion of a regime that had already exterminated ten or twenty or thirty million of its own people, that relentlessly persecutes religious and ethnic minorities, that stifles the liberties of its people not because they are ill-prepared for them but because real liberty would sweep this leadership clique into the dustbin of history. It isn't fear of America that grips the Kremlin, but fear of what American ideas would do to its system. Among those ideas are peaceful protest and protest for peace. The very fact that people concerned about the arms race are invited to speak on television in the West and compelled to undergo psychiatric treatment in the Soviet bloc should go a long way toward demonstrating why there is an arms race to begin with: America has decided that a system that combines this level of political repression with an ideological and geopolitical inclination toward expansion should not go unresisted.

One solitary pair of hands applauded; later, I discovered that they belonged to a Russian émigrée who teaches at the school.

As for the notion that the Soviet Union desperately wants to avoid war because it still suffers from the memory of twenty million dead in World War II, I reminded the audience exactly who it was that inflicted this toll on Russia: Stalin's erstwhile ally Hitler, alongside whose troops the Red Army had raped Poland in 1939. At any rate, even granting that Soviet citizens vividly recall the horror of Nazi occupation, it is unlikely they equate that regime with the West; far from fearing Westerners, they eagerly seek out every possible contact, often at great risk. And only someone with a fine sense of irony would suggest that others in



"Albert, I thought this was supposed to be a non-working vacation!"

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the Soviet bloc—Poles or Czechs—lose much sleep over the thought of a NATO invasion.

Besides, what the average Soviet-bloc citizen thinks or fears has precious little influence over what the master tacticians in the Kremlin do; many Westerners have generously attributed these sentiments to the Soviet leadership without recalling that images of World War II have not prevented Moscow from building a militaristic society, pursuing an arms buildup of unprecedented scale, and occupying half a continent. At any rate, since it is the political power conferred by military might, and not war itself, that determines how rapidly a country's interests can be advanced today, the persistent reference to World War II is a mere distraction, a debating point for those who do not want to recognize the Soviet Union's effective use of power.

Nor does history suggest we should show more "understanding" for the Soviets' much-talked-about feelings of insecurity. Already the West has essentially written off a dozen countries as part of the Soviet Empire's defensive *glacis*. Should we now see a dozen more neutralized, and denude ourselves at the same time? Never before have so many people been willing to assuage one country's fears of invasion by encouraging it to create an empire that crushes the freedom of millions and threatens the freedom of millions more. France too has suffered invasion, devastation, and occupation by its neighbor, but would we offer up, say, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Switzerland to satisfy French demands for security?

By now a few murmurs were rising from the audience, some friendly, some not. I concluded hastily by going out on a limb: Apocalyptic prognoses notwithstanding, we will still be here in the year 2000, and so will the Soviets. The real question is what kind of world we all will find ourselves in at that time. The Kremlin wants a world shaped according to its own interests and is busily setting out to achieve that aim. Living with nuclear deterrence—ideally a condition ameliorated to the maximum reasonable degree by well-considered arms control—is the price we must continue to pay for denying the Soviets that privilege. If we decide the nuclear burden is no longer worth bearing, it should be without any illusory hope that our setting down that burden will improve the prospects for real peace.

The question period boiled down to an exchange between the professor, the Soviet diplomat, and several students on the one hand, and me on the other; the Russian émigrée in the audience came to my rescue at one point by firing questions at the diplomat before she was indignantly hushed into silence. Discussion centered on ideas like the no-first-use proposal and the freeze, but it also moved toward questions about Sakharov, the Soviet freeze movement, Afghanistan, and Poland, and here at last there were encouraging signs. Much to his astonishment, the Soviet delegate was politely but persistently pestered by a few questions on those topics. No one appeared completely satisfied with his answers, and as he railed on against counter-revolutionary efforts to thwart the Afghan people's revolution, a few snickers could be heard.

It was this that convinced me that the "great nuclear debate" need not be written off as a lost cause. Perhaps my comments had helped to reconnect politics and history with the arms race; more likely, I had merely reawakened doubts in the minds of some students who suspected that their Soviet guest specialized in specious or evasive answers and found the other speakers unconvincing. But against an anti-nuclear campaign that has already mobilized fear and, ironically, idealism to undermine nuclear deterrence, this healthy skepticism may ultimately be the most valuable countervailing mood. People who "really think" about nuclear weapons might, as the disarmers say, be inclined to sympathize with their movement; but people who are encouraged to think twice will not. □

The Political Year

Whee! We've had bishops singing a Te Dium,
Eating their curbs and weighing every sophistry in the medium;
The echology down to Walter Mundane,
A whooping Cran
Ston, and plenty procrustean beds of a feather
Brain triangulating for synapses in Tipioca weather;
Mother Weicker with a cupboardful of whine and razors for whatchacalt
Dogs below the Salt
Mime. Friend, you wanna go phut class,
Don't leave home without a federally funded cerebral bypass,
But be wary—
We're approaching the pity limits of the Incisor Tooth Fairy:
Butterfly McBlackmum don't know nuffin' 'bout birfin' babies;
You wanna give rabies
To mad dogmas? Put everybiddy on a chastity griddle:
Iddle
Make the Pope feel impotent?
Elevate his medieval intelligence quotent?
Hey, Numbone Mailer's got Egyptiananigans by the cloacre,
And Joan, didion she take her
Act practicully to Vietnam
For to 'xam
Her Cuspidor for spit?
You better believe it:
Hollyplywood's got her Star Warts, just like all things new, man;
By George, there ain't nothing so elan
As Christopher Calamitybus doing his "Oh, Dodd" on the tube;
Or Daniel Patrick doing his Rube
Goldberg Variations in his quest for a pitcher of warm expectation. . . .
Shucks, ain't there no good news in the nation?
Rather. You see, Dan has his eye on the classy man in riding
Boots who seems to be running for something.

—Johannes Eff

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ILLUSIONS ABOUT NICARAGUA

If there is a more generous, friendlier, more serious priest in the country than Monsignor John Egan of Chicago, it is hard to think who he might be. Yet Monsignor Egan recently wrote such bitter words about President Reagan, and such misleading words about Nicaragua, that one wonders, if this is what it's like in the green wood, what is it like in the dry? Monsignor Egan wrote in the *National Catholic Reporter* (May 18):

> For the sake of efficient control, the U.S. Government must invalidate Nicaraguan experience and culture. . . . Our hopes rise as we see the Nicaraguan people saying "no" to the dead sameness demanded by President Reagan.

Monsignor Egan has clearly not been listening to the defectors from Nicaragua, sick at heart because of the betrayal of the Nicaraguan revolution to the foreign ideology of Cuba and the Soviet Union. He has not been made to hesitate in his enthusiasm for the Sandinista junta by the testimony of Edén Pastora and Archbishop Obando y Bravo, of José Esteban González and Arturo Cruz Sr., of Humberto Belli and Miguel Bolanos Hunter. He does not seem to hear the voices of the more than 500,000 refugees who have fled from tiny Nicaragua in disgust and dismay, and especially the very high proportion of the young who have fled.

Like many others, Monsignor Egan seems to have bought the contrived picture of Christian and humanistic idealism presented by the Sandinistas. Why isn't he more skeptical?

Surely he would admit—the facts are obvious—that two leaders of the guerrillas in El Salvador, one murdered, one a "suicide," died not in El Salvador but in Managua; that Tom Wicker interviewed a guerrilla leader from El Salvador in Managua; that command and control over the war in El Salvador come from Managua; and that sophisticated Soviet electronic and other intelligence for El Salvador is run from Managua.

Surely, too, he would admit—the statements are on the record—that the Sandinista leaders have from the beginning declared their unity in foreign policy with the Soviet Union, Bulgaria, Rumania, North Vietnam, and other such attractive capitals. He must, one would think, take Tomás Borge, the Ortega brothers, and Miguel d'Escoto at their word when they publicly announce in foreign capitals that they are Marxist-Leninists.

No doubt, too, Monsignor Egan pauses at least a little when he hears that a brother monsignor in Managua was stripped of his clothing and marched naked through the streets before television cameras; and when he hears from Archbishop Obando y Bravo, one of the earliest anti-Somocistas, that the new junta has betrayed the revolution.

Does Monsignor Egan really believe that the Sandinista junta represents his own democratic, pluralistic ideals; that the Sandinistas want an open, diverse, free society; that they are faithful to the culture and ideals of Nicaragua? Yes, he does seem to believe that. So do many other admirable, devout Catholics in the U.S.—and that is a major tragedy of our time.

Future years will shed more light on this unfolding illusion than we now have. Typically, though, the history of the last fifty years suggests that those who have visited the Potemkin villages, the Jonestowns, and the Hanois of this world, and put their trust in them, have come to regret their vulnerability to sentimental compassion, their lack of realism, their insufficient cynicism about the real intentions of Communists.

Communists try desperately not to show what they are. They put on the masks of liberalism, pluralism, and the mixed economy; they appeal to peace—peace, above all, precisely as they arm themselves to the teeth—and to "social justice," by which they mean socialist justice.

Monsignor Egan may wish to inquire about the two Mercedeses used by Miguel d'Escoto; about the vast expenditures by the government to renovate the mansion in which he is living; about the feelings even of Nicaraguans in the employ of the junta concerning the omnipresent power of the Cubans and the Russians in their midst. He may wish to speak with Arturo Cruz and Arturo Cruz Jr., and with many others who did their best, as long as they could, to maintain the illusions Monsignor Egan still holds—until those illusions collapsed.

There is a great scandal brewing: The Sandinista regime is far more cynical and ruthless than it has yet fully shown. The rebellion against the Sandinistas in the countryside is growing stronger, as unemployment has risen to 24 per cent and real income has dropped to 70 per cent of the level of just two years ago, and as Nicaraguans' resentment of the Marxist ideology being imposed upon them grows. Many deeply detest the attacks being made daily upon the Catholic Church in Nicaragua.

Surely, Monsignor Egan will wish not to see another Poland manufactured (so close to the United States), against which brother bishops and monsignors are already struggling mightily, and with so little support from the Catholic Church of the United States. Illusions such as Monsignor Egan now cherishes will one day split asunder—and he will be profoundly humiliated to have shared them, even though his motives now spring from the innocence of the dove. Were he not such a good man, the wisdom of the serpent (Matthew 10:16) might come more naturally to him. □

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—Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

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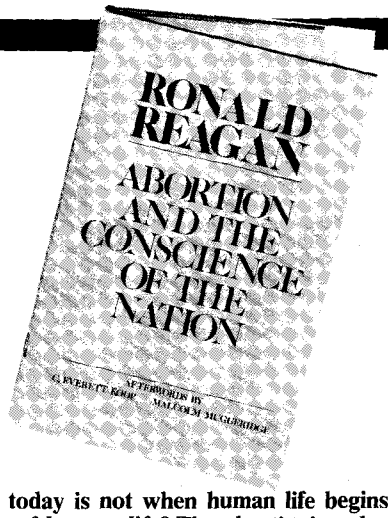

Yes, such "social issues" as abortion and infanticide are now being hotly debated across America, in the Congress, the churches, and even your daily newspaper. Yet there is only *one* publication that is devoted entirely to providing the very best articles available not only on abortion and "related" issues such as infanticide and "mercy killing" but also on the family, the problems of the aged, and much, much more. That publication is *The Human Life Review*, edited by J. P. McFadden.

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The HLR became *part* of the "social issues" news when it published President Reagan's original essay *Abortion and the Conscience of the Nation.* Now that essay has been published in a new hardcover book (by Thomas Nelson Publishers) and is selling in bookstores nationwide for $7.95. But you can get your own copy free and postpaid if you will just use the coupon below right now to subscribe to *The Human Life Review* for the coming year at no more than the regular $15 rate. In addition to the next four issues of what many consider the most important quarterly being published in America today, you'll get President Reagan's powerful new book—which also includes essays by the great Malcolm Muggeridge and U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop.

Mr. Reagan minces no words in this one. He puts the case against abortion in the strongest terms:

The real question today is not when human life begins, but, *What is the value of human life?* The abortionist who reassembles the arms and legs of a tiny baby to make sure all its parts have been torn from its mother's body can hardly doubt whether it is a human being. The real question for him and for all of us is whether that tiny human life has a God-given right to be protected by the law—the same right we have.

As Mr. Muggeridge says (in the introduction), what "impresses me most is that a President of the United States while in office should have the courage and honesty to commit himself, without any sort of reservation, to de-legalizing abortion. There is no comparable figure on our side of the Atlantic who could be relied on to take a similar stand."

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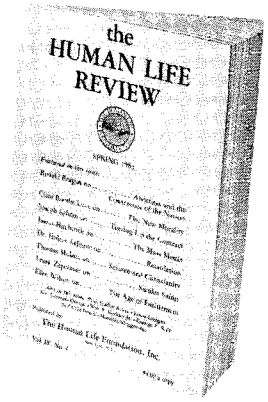

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MITTERRAND'S FRANCE

VISITING FRANCE, this time, was to experience a country slowly but very visibly declining under socialism. The reaction of the people in nearly all layers of French society testifies to it, and one senses it in every nook and cranny. I must confess that I had an unpleasant experience on my very first day. In broad daylight, on the Boulevard des Capucines, I was accosted by three little girls. One held a paper under my nose, another tried to stick a flower into my lapel—and the third absconded with my wallet, as I noticed just too late.

The reaction of my French friends was a mixture of pity and amazement. Had I not heard about the Yugoslav gypsy children? They are trained by their parents and can't be put in jail when caught because they are under age. And I was, in a sense, partly to blame, since a notice in our hotel as well as enormous posters in the Métro had, or should have, warned me. The French public is profoundly worried by the amazing rise in crime—burglaries, robberies, assaults, and drug problems are assuming gigantic proportions. It is chilling to see how more and more apartments are being turned into fortresses; buildings with several apartments have an electronic device in the vestibule with a different entrance code for each apartment.

Blame for this state of affairs rests, quite rightly, with the Socialist government of François Mitterrand. Mitterrand's Minister of Justice, Robert Badinter, believes, like Jean-Jacques Rousseau, that there is no such thing as personal guilt: Society is responsible, he claims, and, in particular, capitalist society, in which man exploits man and thereby creates "criminals," who are, in fact, innocent. Consequently, the police have been severely restricted under Mitterrand, and "criminals" who are caught benefit from the judiciary's enlightened rulings.

Yet crime isn't the only cause for unrest in France. From polls we know that an ever-increasing majority is no longer behind the government. In April 1983, 30 per cent of those polled said they were satisfied with the way Mitterrand was running the country, and 54 per cent said they were dissatisfied. In a recent poll, 23 per cent were satisfied, and 61 per cent dissatisfied. This dissatisfaction showed up, too, in recent large demonstrations protesting the government's efforts to subjugate the *écoles libres*, most of which are predominantly Catholic. The demonstrations have forced the government to consider a compromise, but this is only one issue dividing French society.

In the past it was said that there were two Frances: One was royalist, Catholic, and traditionalist; the other was republican and Masonic. But few Frenchmen are royalists today and many on the Right are agnostics, while many Christians are found on the Left. A more accurate way to divide up the two Frances is between those who favor liberalism and personal freedom and those who favor socialism and collectivism. Today, after three years of Mitterrand's socialist collectivism, the latter is in disrepute.

It is possible that the nasty quarrel between Jacques Chirac, the Gaullist mayor of Paris, and Giscard d'Estaing, which paved the way for Mitterrand's election in 1981, was a blessing in disguise for the French Right. Any government, Left or Right, would probably have run into trouble at this time because of the worldwide recession. But now the economies of Western Europe are bouncing back, with the notable exception of the French economy, which is still suffering from Mitterrand's attempts to socialize it even further. In opposition circles one hears that if the Right wins in 1986, the year of the next parliamentary elections, it will denationalize everything, undoing not only the nationalizations ordered by Mitterrand but those ordered in 1946 as well.

"You have two wishes left."

Right-Wing Chic

THE TEMPER of France today is explosive. It is amazing to see huge demonstrations by those in the "liberal professions"—doctors, lawyers, notaries, engineers, professors. The universities are no longer hotbeds of leftism; it is now very chic to be *à la droite*. The plight of a full-blooded leftist government caught in its own snares could be therapeutic for the French body politic, and some are anticipating a national reawakening after the failed experiment with Marxism. But others aren't so sure what will come next. Another 1968 isn't out of the question, so bitter is the disappointment of all those who expected Mitterrand to usher in a golden age.

But one shouldn't fall prey to black pessimism. The great French crisis is basically political, not social. A poll of French youngsters conducted by *Figaro Magazine* has revealed that the young (ages 16 to 22) value most, in order of importance: friendship, family, love, sex, and, least of all, politics; 84 per cent of them have the greatest confidence in their parents. Let us end on this hopeful note. □

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THIS SIDE OF APOCALYPSE

Paul Johnson

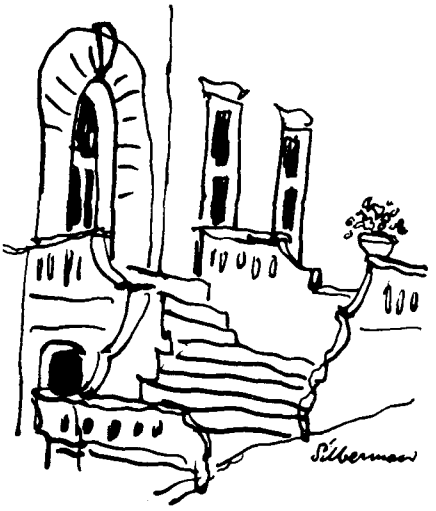
The Apocalyptics: Politics, Science, and the Big Cancer Lie, by Edith Efron (Simon & Schuster, 512 pp., $19.95)

EDITH EFRON'S remarkable book raises three separate issues. The first is the role of industrial chemicals in contributing to the incidence of cancer. The second is the timidity or cowardice of reputable scientists in failing to expose what they know to be unscientific and even mendacious claims, for fear of offending the environmental lobby. The third is the role played by this lobby in general, in causing poverty, human unhappiness, and even death.

On the first point, Miss Efron demonstrates with devastating completeness and in enormous detail that the notion of widespread contamination of human beings by industrial carcinogens is in all essentials a scare story with no scientific basis. Cancer is a highly emotional issue, which raises more fears perhaps than any other medical condition, partly because of its ubiquity, partly because its causes have so far resisted a complete explanation, despite a prodigious amount of research. It is therefore a fertile field for scientific or pseudo-scientific apocalyptics who believe that Industrial Man is blindly manufacturing a holocaustal catastrophe for himself, the approach of which is imminent.

Miss Efron's analysis of objective research on the subject of carcinogens—much carcinogen research, of course, can be dismissed as politically motivated—indicates that not enough is really known about these agents to justify any strong conclusions, let alone a policy line by government departments. What is known is that carcinogens are not usually active—and therefore hostile—of themselves. How they act depends on the body which receives them, and that varies between species and within species. As a result, it follows that carcinogen research on animals can often be grotesquely misleading, and to be informative it must be conducted with exceptionally elaborate and sensitive controls over a long period. Hence it is now established that even the objective animal research on carcinogens, on which government regulations have been based and implemented, is in many cases invalid. In addition, of course, some of the politically motivated research has also been used as the basis of government intervention. Miss Efron cites the Food and Drug Administration's study of the food and cosmetic coloring agent Red #2, based on five hundred rats. Control rats got mixed up with test rats; many rats were left unattended for long periods; some died and were allowed to decompose in their cages, instead of being dissected immediately. There were other examples of gross professional incompetence. One outside expert dismissed the whole thing as "the lousiest experiment I have seen in my life." Nevertheless, it was used as justification for banning the agent.

Miss Efron also points out that the existence of anti-carcinogens, which reverse the effect of cancer-causing substances, has been established since 1929, but is ignored or dismissed by the apocalyptics. Their approach is devastatingly simple: If any evidence whatever of risk emerges in the labs, then the substance must be banned by government regulation. Since government officials are, by *déformation professionnelle*, activist, the apocalyptic philosophy was adopted by Washington in the 1960s and 1970s, wreaking havoc on American industry. But there seems to be no actual evidence that a single life has been saved.



Why has the American scientific community been prepared to sit idly by while this con-trick was played on the nation? One reason is that a number of scientists, or writers held in high regard by scientists, belong to the apocalyptic party and have vigorously promoted its propaganda. Among the culprits Miss Efron lists Rachel Carson, the biologist and ecologist, whose 1962 book, *Silent Spring*, was the engine of the whole apocalyptic movement. Her prediction that technology would wipe out the entire human race in twenty years has already been falsified. Then in 1968 came the entomologist Paul Ehrlich, whose best-selling book, *The Population Bomb: Population Control or Race to Oblivion?*, saw the birth rate, rather than technology, as the agent of human catastrophe. His prediction, of worldwide famine on a scale hitherto unimaginable, perhaps in the 1970s but certainly by the early 1980s,

Paul Johnson, formerly editor of The New Statesman, *is the author of many books, the most recent of which is* Modern Times: The World from the Twenties to the Eighties.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE JUNE TITLES: In *The Neoliberals: Creating the New American Politics* (Simon & Schuster, $16.95), Randall Rothenberg describes a "political tendency" among certain younger Democrats—Gary Hart and Bill Bradley, Lester Thurow and Robert Reich, James Fallows and Michael Kinsley—who, concerned about the constricting effects New Deal liberalism has had on economic growth and technological development, are attempting to find a "rational middle ground" between Republican and traditional Democratic ideas.

William Shawcross's *The Quality of Mercy: Cambodia, Holocaust, and Modern Conscience* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95) condemns the political obstacles that have hampered relief efforts in Cambodia: the activities of Thai and Vietnamese profiteers, the tepid response of Western governments, and the exploitation of compassion for political advantage. . . . In *The Squandered Peace: The World: 1945-1975* (Hodder & Stoughton/David & Charles, $29.95) John Vaizey, a British economist, argues that with the U.S. lies the blame for the general decline, both moral and material, of the postwar world. Despite the manifest successes of capitalism and the disasters of Communism, it is Communism that is making converts, owing to the unwillingness of the U.S. to press its advantages and opportunities forthrightly and courageously. . . . *Exile: The Unquiet Oblivion of Richard M. Nixon* (Simon & Schuster, $17.95), by Robert Sam Anson, takes an indignant look at the recent fortunes and activities of the disgraced ex-President, who has subsequently appeared on the Gallup poll's ten-most-admired list and who, when Watergate is mentioned, reminds his questioner of the fate of Lot's wife.

Suzi Gablik's *Has Modernism Failed?* (Thames and Hudson/Norton, $14.95) argues that "Most of our allegedly radical artists now *reflect* the culture of consumerism more than they challenge it," and deplores the spiritual emptiness of modern art that manipulates form while working in a vacuum. —CW

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has also been falsified by events. A third apocalyptic was Barry Commoner, a biologist, who testified at a series of Senate hearings in 1969 that atmospheric and other forms of pollution were destroying the natural environment, consuming the nation's finite "capital" of land, water, and air, and that in a short space of time people would not be able to breathe; he said that to halt or reverse this process would require not just political action but fundamental changes in the U.S. Constitution. Another alarmist was René Dubos, the microbiologist, who in 1972 declared that man's genetic coding prevented him from adapting biologically to the changes introduced by technology, and that unless growth was halted, "racial death" must inevitably follow. There was also a group of MIT scientists who were associated with the anti-growth Club of Rome, founded by an eccentric Italian businessman. In 1972 they produced the notorious tract, *The Limits to Growth*. This claimed, on the basis of computer studies, that natural resources and food supply would run out in about thirty years unless growth was halted immediately. Three years later, a Harvard biology professor and Nobel Prize-winner, George Wald, predicted a shorter time span to catastrophe, with life on earth ending as early as 1985.

It is characteristic of these wild philosophers, as indeed it was of medieval apocalyptics, that they attribute the approaching end of the world to quite different causes, and that they cannot agree on when it is likely to happen. At bottom, they seem to be no more rational than those old men one used to see in the streets of New York or London, carrying placards that read, "REPENT: THE END IS NIGH."

It is a curious fact about human nature that many people actually seem to want to believe in an approaching catastrophe. In the Dark and Middle Ages—indeed right up to the seventeenth century—religious seers could always collect a substantial following if they predicted the end of the world, especially if they gave a specific date for it. When the date came and went, and nothing happened, human credulity did not disappear. It re-emerged promptly when the next persuasive prophet mounted his soapbox. The ecological panic of our times is driven by exactly the same emotional needs. Indeed, it is yet another example of how, during the twentieth century, the declining religious impulse has been replaced by secular substitutes, which are often far more irrational and destructive.

Miss Efron rightly blames the mass of the scientific community for putting up with this nonsense instead of stamping on it. Her entire manuscript exposing the carcinogen racket was read by no fewer than 16 distinguished scientists. All of them expressed their approval, often in extravagant terms, in private letters to her. All, without exception, asked her not to quote them by name. Miss Efron suggests that scientists are, or feel they are, one of the most vulnerable groups of intellectuals in the United States. They quite literally believe that their livelihood will be affected if they take a stand against the lobby. It is very powerful in government, on which many scientists are wholly or partly dependent for research funds or employment. It is equally powerful in academia, where scientists who oppose the conventional wisdom may have their classes wrecked, lectures mobbed, funds removed, or entire research programs banned by frightened university authorities. This is not just speculation; it has actually happened, in such august institutions as Harvard. One should never underestimate the ruthlessness of men and women possessed with the transcendental notion that only their acts can save the human race from imminent destruction. Even in industry, scientists who get involved in controversies that invite unfavorable media attention—and the lobby is probably more influential in the media than anywhere else—make themselves unpopular with corporation managers who are obsessed by public relations and the company image. So it is always better to play safe, just as scientists who privately agreed with Galileo thought it better to keep their mouths shut.

The silence of the scientists is critical, because only they can help us to make objective judgments about risks. As Miss Efron says, calculating risks on the frontiers of technological research is exceedingly difficult even at the best of times. If the full and objective cooperation of the scientific community is lacking, mistakes in either direction are sure to be made, and they could prove to be very costly. The tragedy is that the lobby has succeeded in creating a climate of fear among the public, and fear is the worst possible counselor in calculating risk. Moreover, the campaign against risk—for that is what the ecological panic amounts to—has the advantage that its propaganda contains an element of truth. The dangers of radiation are real. Some modern chemicals

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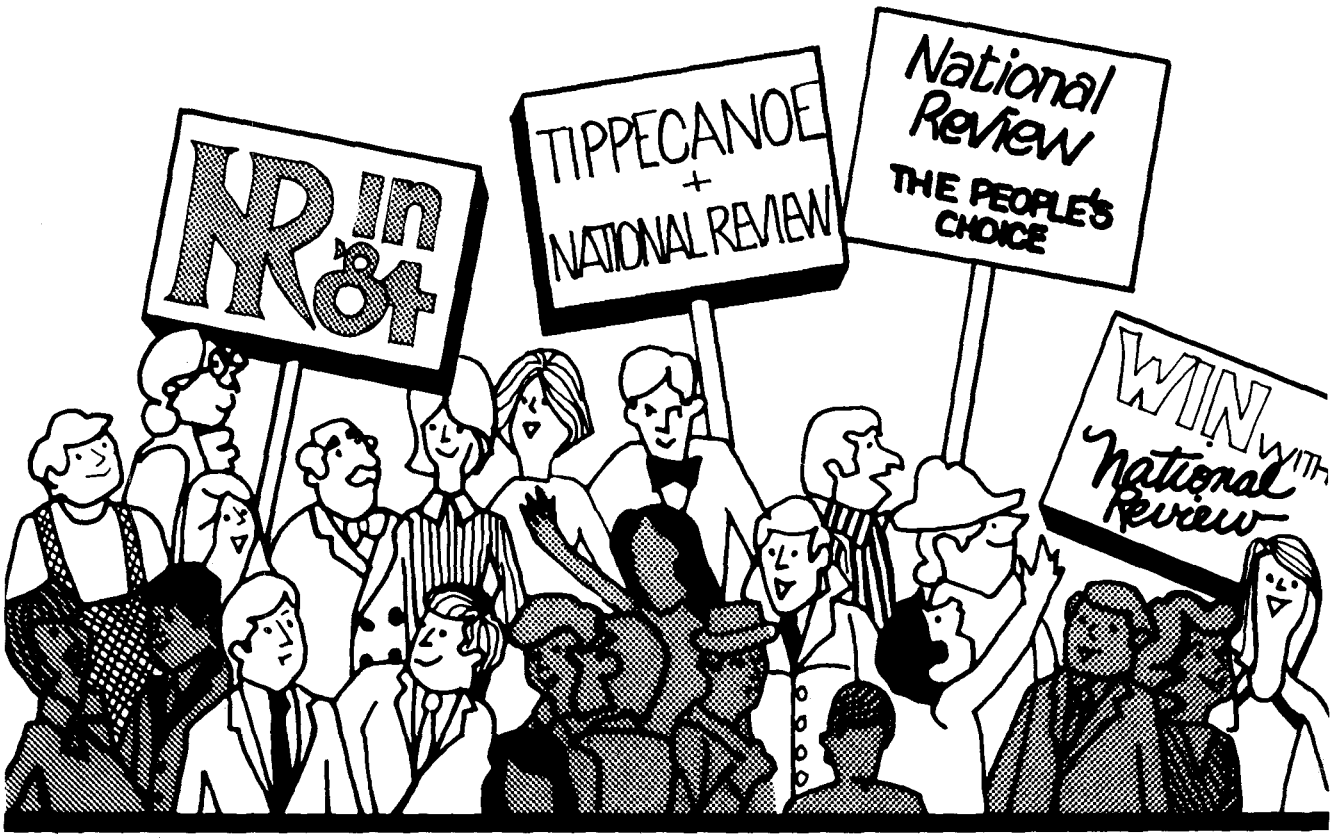

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are risky. A few new drugs do have disastrous side effects. The Thalidomide tragedy did actually happen; the Serveso catastrophe is a fact. These realities help to explain the almost fanatical degree of support the campaign gets in the press and on TV, and the eagerness of Congress to legislate.

However, if we start to construct an arithmetic of danger, I doubt if the campaign has saved lives on balance, or even at all. Medical care is impoverished if potential new drugs fail to cross impossibly high safety barriers. If we restrict the growth of nuclear power now by prohibitive restrictions, we may cause many poorer people to die of hypothermia in the next decade. We already know that the banning of insecticides has led to agricultural disasters in some poorer countries, with malnutrition and loss of life on a wide scale.

I think the real lesson to be drawn from Miss Efron's book is that the human race proceeds and improves its position by a reasonable balance of risks. You cannot have a no-risk society, because the very act of seeking to eliminate risks produces new and unsuspected hazards that may be greater than those we wished to abolish. The biggest single factor in extending life expectancy over the past two hundred years has been the spectacular growth in real incomes. This was the direct result of the creation of industrial capitalism, a highly productive system that is based, and necessarily based, on risk-taking. The Industrial Revolution itself was a gigantic risk. It took place on very narrow margins, which would have been eliminated by even a fraction of the health and safety regulations now imposed by law. If the ecological lobby had existed in the eighteenth century, the Industrial Revolution could not conceivably have taken place. A demographic catastrophe would then, in all likelihood, have followed, and we would now be living at eighteenth-century levels of real wages and suffering from eighteenth-century standards of health care and, not least, eighteenth-century pollution. If anyone wants to experience what that was like, let him visit the slums of Djakarta or Calcutta.

Man has been described as a tool-making animal, but I prefer to call him a risk-taking animal. The whole of our civilization rests upon an endless accumulation of risks taken successfully by earlier generations. We enjoy the advantages paid for by the risks our forebears took, and we repay our debt to the species by taking risks from which our progeny will benefit. Avoiding obvious risk is common sense. Seeking to eliminate risk is ignoble. It is also dangerous. Not to take risks is the biggest risk of all. I believe that this point is now getting across, and that the panic of the 1960s and 1970s is subsiding. Edith Efron's well-documented and well-argued book will undoubtedly hasten the return to reason. □

MACHINE GUN AND ALTAR

Robert Royal

Religion in the Secular City: Toward a Post-Modern Theology, by Harvey Cox (Simon & Schuster, 304 pp., $16.95)

One of the strangest growths in the wild garden that is modern religious thinking is the secularizing theologian. Apologists in every age have tried to explain faith in terms convincing to the unbeliever: Saint Augustine could warmly embrace Plato, and Saint Thomas Aquinas, Aristotle, to fortify a religious argument. Recently, however, some theologians have been so ready to accommodate their traditions to

something confidently defined as the Modern Mind that the question arises whether they are trying to convert the heathen or heathenize the converted.

Harvey Cox's *The Secular City* probably gained the most notoriety of any recent book of this kind. In that work, now nearly twenty years old, he argued for the spiritual opportunities offered by modern urban life. Church activists had just seen the success of the civil-rights movement, the nation stood on the doorstep of the Great Society, and theorists like Cox looked to a crop of politicians in the Kennedy mold and a school of intellectuals *à la* Camus for even greater secular triumphs. Cox's hope was that Christianity would gain a renewed relevance, not by a spiritual outpouring—for him the metaphysical age was over—but by emarginated Christians speaking politically to a secular "technopolis."

Today, of course, the very term technopolis has a slightly antic sound. No one expects much spiritually from our cities any longer. Cox had rightly distinguished between secularization, i.e., desacralizing public institutions, and "secularism," a hard ideological stance. He leaned heavily on the Biblical denial of sacred status to any worldly function. But the modern process of secularization no longer seems so benign as Cox thought. Along with the greater autonomy of politics, economics, and the individual that accompanied the decline of public religion, there has been an increase in a number of sociologically related problems: anomie, the loss of common social values, family incoherence, widespread moral chaos. Cox's thesis was badly one-sided, though it is still worth while to reread the *Secular City* to see how and why he went astray.

In many ways, that is what he is doing himself in this new book. Religion, contrary to earlier indications, has undergone a public resurgence. The resurgence is clearly a reaction to some of the results of secularization. In spite of this fact, Cox asserts that he still adheres to the main thesis of the *Secular City*. But *Religion in the Secular City* shows that all along Cox has really been arguing for a fusion of religion with the right kind of politics.

By assembling arguments from a number of modern theologians, he slowly builds his case for a "post-modern theology." This new synthesis, he hopes, will eat away the five pillars of the

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decaying modern world: nation states, the domination of culture by scientific images, bureaucratic rationalism, the maximization of profits (both socialist and capitalist), and the secularization and trivialization of religion for profane purposes. The reader who turns these pages expecting some wild new "post-modern" vision of heaven and earth finds instead that once again the mountains have been in labor and brought forth only a mouse—the old "modern" revolutionary program.

This new theology, says Cox, has sprung from, and already begun to take effect in, the less developed areas of the world, especially in revolutionary Latin America. Cox rejoices that what he and many others call "Constantinian" Christianity—the old alliance of throne and altar—is dead. (The casual reader of history may recall that until quite recently this so-called alliance was really more of an ongoing fight between two very testy contenders.) But he hopes that the new alliance of machine gun and altar will remain very much alive. Marx, though hardly mentioned, has dethroned Constantine.

In order to give a broad picture of the current religious revival Cox uses two representative figures: Jerry Falwell, Thomas Road Baptist Church, Lynchburg, Virginia, and Father Ernesto Cardenal, Sandinista Directorate, Managua, Nicaragua.

Though he clearly expects little from the conservative church, Cox is surprisingly evenhanded in his treatment of Falwell. He makes no cheap cracks about the self-righteousness of the name Moral Majority. In an aside to his academic colleagues, he takes care to point out that Falwell's people are dedicated, energetic, and tasteful—no polyester here. They are sincere, if misguided, laborers in the vineyard.

Cox has several objections to their project. They are not very sophisticated theologically and, worse, are fighting a lost cause in trying to use reason to make religion palatable to the modern mind. This sort of apologetic has been the main project of liberal theology in modern times, says Cox. Though he still has respect for its aims, it was flawed from the first.

Though they have reacted against some of the decadence of the modern world, Falwell and his followers have not understood the evil effects of capitalism; therefore their critique of the modern world is not radical enough.

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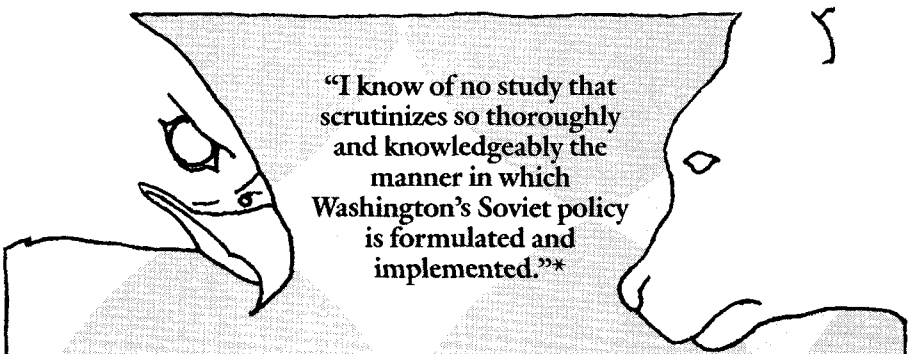

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Also, the use of television, direct-mail fundraising, and other mass-media techniques injects false notes into the evangelizing. Falwell is an "organizational genius," but Cox is no longer such an enthusiast for the ways of the technopolis as he once was. The medium colors the message.

Comandante Cardenal, of course, suffers from few of these drawbacks. He is building a church on the experience of the *comunidades de base*, the base communities of Latin America and the rest of the world. These communities are, in Cox's view, bypassing the ecclesiastical structure—in fact, are reshaping it in their own image. A new worldwide spiritual impulse is emerging "from the bottom and the edges." The movement draws its strength from the "angry poor" and other revolutionary sources. A familiar litany of saviors begins: women, blacks, the Third World, the excluded. The base community is their church.

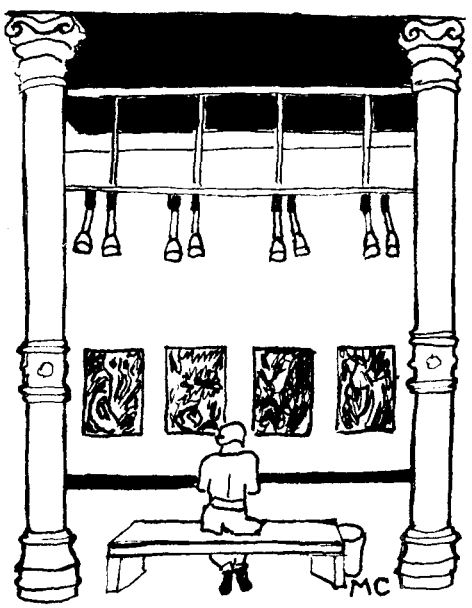
In these face-to-face groupings, theology will not be argued but lived. Cox records a dialogue from one of these communities that sounds very much like the talk in an affluent suburban parish in the U.S.: lots of complaints about the Church's sexual morality and great enthusiasm for social justice. The latter is defined by a liberation theology that is much Marxist sentiment mixed with a little Christian thought. The new community will, therefore, try less to understand the world than to change it, and will have much heart but no head except in so far as change requires theory.

But these communities are not only politically revolutionary. They will transform a new popular spirituality into social revolution as well. One example may suffice. Cox is excited about the apparition of the Virgin Mary at Guadalupe, Mexico, to a poor peasant. She appeared, we are told, with "explosive spirituality" on a piece of ground formerly consecrated to an Indian fertility goddess. The problem, says Cox, is that the Mexican bishops later intervened—canalizing, distorting, taming the message of the Virgin.

It may seem odd that a Baptist professor at the Harvard Divinity School should take up the cause of the Virgin and denounce the caution of the bishops, where his forebears would probably have denounced her and regarded the whole story as a plot *by* the bishops. Anyone would expect conscientious pastors to make sure that the apparition was not merely an imposture on the credulity of the faithful. For Cox, no such danger exists. He assumes throughout the book that authority is everywhere the enemy of authentic popular feeling. It is not until we get to the following passage that we see the point of this whole exercise: "Whether she appears as cosmic queen, as Amazon, or in any other mythic guise, the dangerous feminine element which male power has tried to eliminate from the modern world is poised and ready to return. No valid modern theology can ignore it." The reader may judge whether it is Harvey Cox or the Mexican bishops who have canalized Our Lady of Guadalupe for political purposes.

For Cox, the revolutionary side of the current religious revival portends another Reformation, in which a new generation of dissenters will break with both the Catholic Church and the mainstream Protestant churches. This Reformation will lead to a new world order. Anyone who appreciates the sharp divisions within the churches and the free world today can agree with Cox that, barring some unforeseen spiritual rebirth, major changes are imminent in the West. But that the varieties of religious revolution advocated by Harvey Cox will lead to genuinely renewed churches or political life strains the belief of the believer.

Christendom is divided and struggles to ward off the gravest threat to its existence in history—the Soviet Union. In this light, Cox's Reformation would more likely result in the final breakup of the West than its reformation. For Harvey Cox and others in the churches, it seems, this breakup would not be entirely unwelcome. For those who can imagine what conditions after such a breakup would be, the prospect is alarming. The catacombs may be closer to us than we think. □



TWENTIETH-CENTURY AMERICANISM

John P. Roche

The Heyday of American Communism: The Depression Decade, by Harvey Klehr (Basic, 511 pp., $26.50)

In 1978 Professor Harvey Klehr of Emory University published a first-rate study, *Communist Cadre*, which for one reason or another did not receive the kudos it merited. However, his work on that volume brought him into contact with Theodore Draper, the foremost historian of the American Communist Party and author of *The Roots of American Communism* and *American Communism and Soviet Russia*. Draper chronicled the development of the CPUSA through the Comintern's expulsion of Jay Lovestone and his "American Exceptionalists" in 1929 and its replacement of these duly elected leaders of the vanguard with a collection of flunkies. Then, perhaps suffering from battle fatigue, Draper put this work aside. Now he has turned his files over to Klehr, and the latter, with a good deal of additional research, has produced a study of the Party's progress in the 1930s.

The Heyday of American Communism is a splendid book. Klehr's thesis, which makes no claim to originality, is that the CPUSA flourished in the Depression decade to the degree that it affiliated itself with, and endorsed the goals of, the New Deal. As long as the ban on "united fronts from above" promulgated at the height of Stalin's drive to total power—the Sixth Comintern Congress in 1928—remained in effect, the Communists were doomed to political marginality. Once it was lifted at the Seventh Congress in 1935, the talented organizers of the CP could throw themselves into Popular Front coalitions with New Dealers and other progressive (or even conservative, if anti-fascist) groups. As Communism be-

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came "twentieth-century Americanism," few realized that the growth in CP membership and fellow-traveling was a consequence of the Party's becoming part of FDR's "solar system," not vice versa. When the smoke cleared after the explosion of the land-mine Stalin-Hitler Pact, the cadres discovered that, after four years of burrowing and organizing, they had ended up capturing virtually no one but themselves.

I have two problems with Klehr's book: one, as the Marxists would say, objective, and the other subjective. Objectively, he has chosen to organize his work functionally, rather than chronologically, with the result that, to take one example, we explore Party work with the unemployed from 1929 to 1939 and then, in the next chapter, find ourselves back in 1929 with the intellectuals and accompany them for a decade. Thus by chapter 17, "The Negroes," the reader keeps encountering members and leaders in good standing who have been expelled three times in previous chapters—and will be again defenestrated in the appropriate year. Maybe it's age, but shifting back from 1939 to 1929 gets to be a bit of a strain.

My other complaint under this rubric is that Klehr has omitted one dimension of Party activity that was to loom large in the future: recruitment for espionage and other underground activities. There is now a mass of data on Harold Ware's Washington apparat; on the CIO union, practically a wholly owned Stalinist enterprise; on the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, and Technicians, of which Julius Rosenberg and other scientists in sensitive areas of national security were functionaries; and on various OGPU penetrations of the federal bureaucracy. A chapter on how the OGPU picked its pigeons, how they were recruited, what was the basis of their loyalty, and by what techniques they were distanced from above-ground Party activity and their one-time comrades would have been useful.

My subjective reservation is admittedly unfair to Klehr and is in no way intended to depreciate his remarkable achievement. Unlike Ted Draper—who, if memory serves, was, as a student, shifted by the Party from CCNY to Brooklyn College to alleviate a cadre shortage—Klehr is a clinician who had little contact with his cast of characters. True, a number of the apparatchiks were lifeless types—Earl Browder, in a phrase of Roger Baldwin's, merged with the wallpaper faster than any man he knew—but when you threw in the fellow-travelers who signed on during the Popular Front, there was a collection of bizarre and often colorful personalities.

I recall Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, with a few pops aboard, embarrassing her comrades by delivering a vintage Wobbly speech on the nature of the AFL "pork-choppers and labor fakers" six years after the dual unions of the pure Trade Union Unity League had been quietly interred. And I once enjoyed the sight of Congressman Vito Marcantonio, who if he didn't have a Party card was a dues-swindler, marching in an Italian saint's day parade in Harlem barefoot, in sackcloth and carrying a candle! Klehr doesn't even mention Mrs. Flynn and, I guess, didn't have space to give Marcantonio his due as the ablest Stalinist (out of roughly half a dozen) who ever sat in Congress and probably one of the sharpest representatives who ever served in the House.

But enough nostalgia. Harvey Klehr has written a work that should remain in the same league with Draper's two volumes; definitive, in effect primary, sources on the history of American Communism. □

ABOUT THAT MESSENGER . . .

Joseph Sobran

Bad News: The Foreign Policy of the New York Times, by Russell Braley (Regnery, 660 pp., $22.50)

A FEW YEARS back *New York* magazine ran an article asking why *New York Times* editorials are so boring, and offering a few tips toward spicing things up. It never occurred to the writer that *Times* editorials are *meant* to be boring. Each sentence is dipped in a powerful attention-repellent, concocted from a secret formula in the possession of John Oakes. This prevents the wrong people—namely, the general public—from discerning the implications of what the *Times* is really, in its civic-minded drone, saying.

The function of the *Times* is to reassure. It sustains an optimistic pro-

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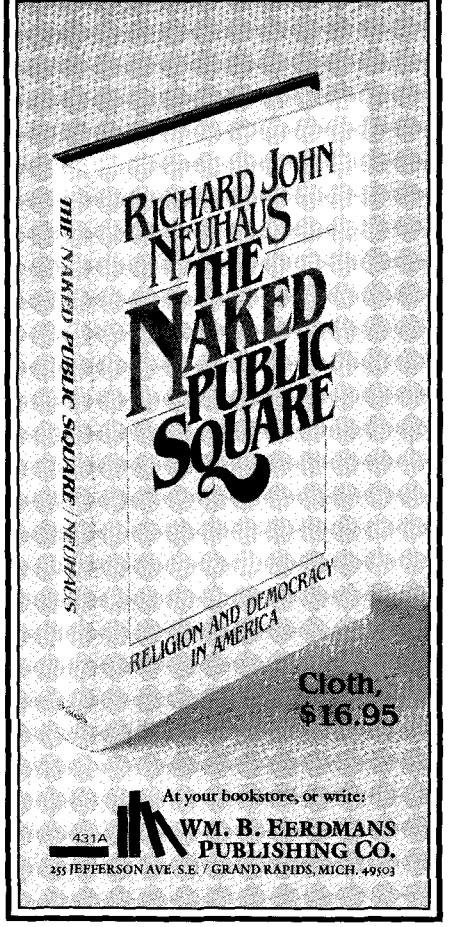
—Michael Novak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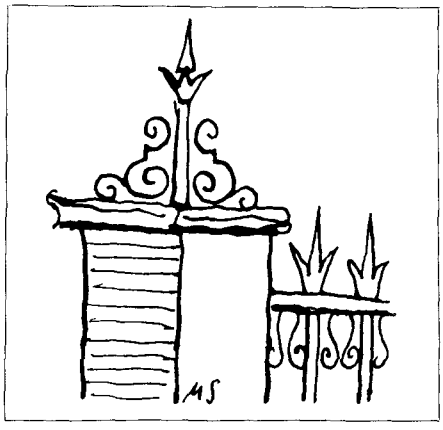
gressive world view in which "differences" between the "two superpowers" can be "resolved" by "negotiation" while pockets of "social unrest" can be cured by homeopathic doses of socialism ("land reform," etc.). It affects the tone of a reference book, kept up to date in daily installments, while sending out subtly coded messages to the cognoscenti.

Nearly everyone who counts reads the *Times* because everyone who counts knows that nearly everyone else who counts is reading the *Times*. As they say in Washington, perception is reality; or to put it scurrilously and without the tang of paradox, lies have effect. You have to know what version the others are getting, even if you know the truth first hand.

The *Times* version of world events over the years has been fashioned by men like Walter Duranty, Herbert Matthews, James Reston, Harrison Salisbury, Tad Szulc, David Halberstam, Leslie Gelb, Tom Wicker, Anthony Lewis, Sydney Schanberg, Neil Sheehan, Seymour Hersh, Alan Riding, Raymond Bonner, Kenneth Briggs. When the Soviets invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968, Lewis wrote from London that "the West can help most by remaining quiet and calm." No doubt; but help whom? In 1975 Lewis was deriding talk of a bloodbath after a Communist takeover in Indochina and defending the forced march of three million people out of Phnom Penh as incidental to a "vision of a new society"; a couple of years later he was blaming the ensuing bloodbath on Nixon and Kissinger. The other day he was blaming the persecution of the Sakharovs on Ronald Reagan.

In *Bad News: The Foreign Policy of the New York Times*, Russell Braley cites George Lichtheim's observation that the *Times*'s reportage tends to follow its editorial line. There are exceptions, but lately those who take the liberal line in their reporting have been able to aspire to their own opinion columns: Reston, Wicker, Lewis, and Schanberg dominate the Op-Ed page. (The only conservative, William Safire, didn't come up through the journalistic ranks.) *Bad News* shows how the *Times*'s own party line has been braided into world events from the Suez crisis to the fall of Indochina and after. While deriding the "simplistic" view that the basic struggle in the world is between Left and Right, the



Times has consistently tugged American policy to the left. (Its own rhetoric would lead you to expect a more random distribution of vectors.)

Even Lewis must envy Herbert Matthews, who turned Fidel Castro into a world figure with three front-page articles in 1957. When Matthews went to work on him, Castro was only one of several rebel leaders *manqués* in the Cuban countryside, with a meager band of 18 men. Matthews made him out as an anti-Communist democratic reformer who enjoyed deep popular support, and "perception" became, after a fashion, reality. When Castro marched triumphantly into Havana on New Year's Day, 1959, a miracle of modern publicity was consummated.

David Halberstam performed similar services for the Buddhist opposition in what was, when he arrived, South Vietnam. By all accounts, including his own, he coordinated his reporting with that of UPI's Neil Sheehan, and, as Braley puts it, "blanketed" the U.S. media with a version of events that led the Kennedy Administration to sponsor the coup in which Ngo Dinh Diem was removed and murdered, leaving the country without an effective leader. The *Times* was later hospitable to the self-exculpating books of the Kennedy insiders, and Halberstam contrived to get Sheehan a job with the *Times* in time for another famous victory, the Pentagon Papers case. Even *Times* editors had to wonder, though, why Halberstam's version was so completely different from that of the legendary Marguerite Higgins of the *New York Herald Tribune*, until Halberstam simply threatened to quit if they asked him any more questions.

Braley is a veteran newsman who has followed events, saved his clippings, and studied a lot of people's self-serving retrospective accounts. His book is big, readable, and often fascinating. He is clearly animated by anger at what the *Times* has helped do to this country, but *Bad News* is less accusatory than you might suppose. On the whole it is simply an absorbing study of the interaction between history and those who profess to be "merely" reporting it. Don't shoot the messenger for bringing bad news, we're counseled. Well, okay, but what if the messenger himself helps write the message or, if he can't do that, exercises his own discretion as to whether to deliver it? Then what?

Now I don't feel shocked or outraged at the way James Reston covered for Jack Kennedy during the 1961 Vienna summit with Khrushchev, but after reading Braley's reconstruction of it I know the relation between the *Times* and the other powers that be is not the observer/object relation the *Times*'s drone would intimate. A lot of whispering and conniving goes into that public drone. Conspiracy? Yes, that too, if the word means that people talk and act differently among their pals from the way they do when the whole world is watching.

Communist conspiracy? There I draw the line. I have no doubt that Messrs. Lewis et al. are red-blooded patriots who begin every morning with the Pledge of Allegiance and catch themselves, throughout the day, absentmindedly humming "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"All the news that's fit to print"? "All the news that suits our views" would be more like it. □

FICTION

GIANTS IN THE MUD

Charles Nicol

Dream West, by David Nevin (Putnam, 639 pp., $17.95)

HISTORICAL novels range from the shoddy to the respectable; the only thing they all have in common is a great many pages. Almost never literary events, they are often best-sellers, novels that instruct rather than delight and have more information than style. While David Nevin's *Dream West* is certainly no literary event, it is Very

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Respectable, a rich and painless slice of American history for those unable or unwilling to read the real thing. It even comes with two pages of acknowledgments to the libraries where the author and his wife read documents before Nevin committed his own version of the life of John Charles Frémont to three reams of paper.

Frémont deserves it all: He was one of the giants in the history of Western America. He opened up the Oregon Trail through his exceptionally accurate mapmaking; single-handedly liberated California; married a daughter of Thomas Hart Benton, the visionary senator from Missouri; served as the first presidential candidate of the Republican Party; commanded the Army of the West during the Civil War; and throughout these 25 years of enormous activity kept himself always a center of controversy. Beyond the twists of his career, what made Frémont great was the Western dream he held to—as this novel's title affirms.

Yet Nevin often seems to miss the complexities of character that might justify a novel in the first place. John Charles Frémont was an intellectual adventurer, cultured, ambitious, and precipitate. Nevin prefers to characterize him as a totally upright man of action in the Burt Lancaster mold. In this novel, only one sentence alludes to Frémont's knowledge of Greek and none records his interest in chess; although Nevin took pains to learn about the star sightings that helped to make Frémont's maps so accurate, he seems never to have graduated to the sophistication of timing Jupiter's moons, so often recorded in Frémont's reports. The apt observation of geology and botany is missing, and the greatest intellectual feat of Frémont's career—his describing and naming of the Great Basin when he realized that the whole country between the Rockies and the Sierras drained into the sinkhole of the Great Salt Lake and had no outlet—has no force in *Dream West*. Fortunately, Nevin is good at more physically dramatic events, and his descriptions of Frémont's stubborn, heroic, foolhardy attempts to cross the Western mountains in the dead of

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

In Reinhold Seeberg's aphorism, made early in the present century, "Miracle was once the foundations [*sic*] of all apologetics, then it became an apologetic crutch, and today it is not infrequently regarded as a cross for apologetics to bear." In *Miracles and the Critical Mind* (Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 255 Jefferson Avenue, S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49503; $18.95), Colin Brown surveys two millennia of debate on the significance of miraculous occurrences, in the course of which he shows that Seeberg's formulation, while broadly correct, is also an oversimplification.

The bulk of the book is devoted to the historical development of that debate, from the Early Church and its apologists (Gregory of Nyssa, Origen, St. Augustine), through the Reformation (Luther and Calvin), the so-called Age of Reason (Descartes, Spinoza, Hobbes, Pascal, Locke, and Hume), and the "liberalizing" nineteenth century (Schleiermacher, Strauss, Renan, and Troeltsch), and on into the existentializing and demythologizing twentieth century (Bonhoeffer, Bultmann, and Barth, and what might be called the New Apologists —C. S. Lewis, Alan Richardson, and Louis Monden—who answered them).

Brown's thesis is that "the shifts of attitude of which Seeberg speaks have less to do with the actual testimony of the miracle stories (which remains what it has been since the Gospels were written) than with the frame of reference within which we interpret the stories. We recognize things and people only when we relate them to what we know (or think we know) of the stories. The same applies to the discernment of truth, meaning, and significance." While Seeberg could not have disagreed with him so far as that goes, Brown has been able to show that, while miracles may indeed be a "cross" for certain latter-day apologists, nevertheless modernism has to a large degree rescued the argument from three centuries of reductionist and unsatisfying claim-counterclaim by introducing appeals to a more sophisticated truth which, by and large, has had the effect of leading skeptics toward a less dogmatic—or anyway less materialistic—denial, even as it has allowed the orthodox greater room to maneuver with less risk of disaster. The fact remains that, although the present age certainly cannot be characterized as one of faith, neither is it, intellectually speaking, a materialist one, as was the eighteenth century. For the characteristic Enlightenment mind, all was concretized, nothing ethereal or transcendent; for the modern mind, the concrete is ethereal, the ethereal concrete. David Hume today would be as misplaced in a cell of revolutionary Marxists or existentialist theologians as at a Vatican council or the Synod of Bishops.

"Modern skeptics," Brown writes, "are perhaps less inclined to dismiss the historicity of all alleged miracles than were their counterparts in previous centuries. More is known today about psychosomatic factors in illness and healing. Modern medicine recognizes the phenomenon of remission." Conversely, "It has long been apparent that the older, harder evidentialism that tried to treat miracles as solid, incontrovertible evidence of divine authenticity was in fact somewhat simplistic. . . . Whether we take a skeptical or a believing attitude to the miracle stories, we have to recognize a reciprocal relationship between our view of the stories themselves and our wider view of reality."

For Brown, "the miracles of Jesus are as much a manifestation of the Incarnation of God as are the teaching and other actions of Jesus." Essentially, they are not, as the evidentialists considered them, proofs, but signs, pointers, indications, for those "that have eyes." This argument, indeed, is the one generally favored by the new breed of apologists. For Monden, the Catholic theologian and author of *Signs and Wonders: A Study of the Miraculous Element in Religion* (1966), miracles are comparable to the Church itself and its sacraments: "sign-acts"; symbols by means of which, and only by means of which, relations between God and man are effected. In the postscript chapter, "The Place of the Gospel Miracles," Brown proceeds to argue that in miracles God acts in "the three ways" of "the three Persons" in which God is God. "The question of miracles," he suggests, "is really a question of the Trinity." □

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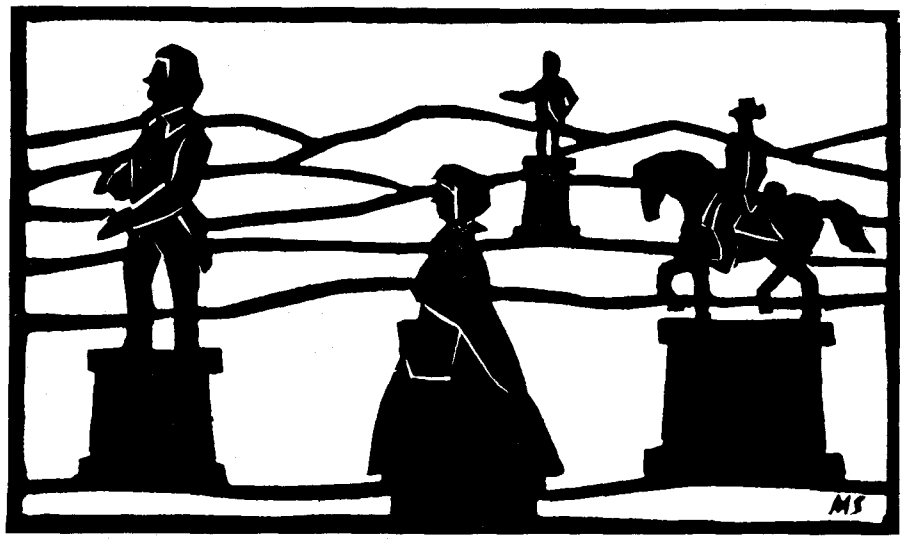

winter are not only painstakingly accurate but painfully gripping reading.

Let us make no mistake: This novel will serve. We could merely wish it were better. Making novels out of history is a tricky business, and watching Nevin master or miss his material can be fascinating in itself.

Nevin elects to start his novel with Frémont's first buffalo hunt. Frémont described this hunt well in his memoirs, and Nevin picks up the best details while adding his own elaborations, but at the end, Nevin has Frémont fall from his horse into a buffalo pie and get some kidding from the frontiersmen. I like Frémont's own version better: By the end of his race with a buffalo cow, he was totally lost and had to spend the night alone on the plains. The Great Pathfinder lost!

Soon we meet Senator Thomas Hart Benton, and Nevin is in a rush to provide all the information he can—damn the awkwardness, full speed ahead: " 'They don't call you Old Bullion for nothing, now do they, Senator?' Caldwell said admiringly. Frémont saw a pleased look cross Benton's face at the use of his famous nickname." Now we meet Jessie Benton, and it's love at first sight, not to mention the worst sentence in all six hundred pages: "Glancing into the second room, Frémont saw a girl move suddenly into view." No wonder this chapter is so hopelessly clumsy: According to Frémont's memoirs (written with considerable help from Jessie), none of this ever happened; Frémont met father and daughter for the first time in Washington, D.C., some time later.

But we are at the crucial part of the Frémont story, which is also very much the story of Thomas Hart Benton and his daughter. Benton was the finest and most important politician ever to arise in Missouri—and I say this as a Missouri boy who recently learned he was confirmed in the same Presbyterian church where Harry Truman met his wife. Benton had a dream of the West, and when he met the young mapmaker in our capital, the 28-year-old Frémont seemed the ideal instrument of that dream. The young explorer and the powerful senator met in a shared vision of the West—which Benton doubtless defined but which Frémont held his whole life as well—and in a tacitly understood compact of admiration, ambition, cooperation, and exploitation.

Benton learned he was holding the tail of a tiger when Frémont secretly married his 16-year-old daughter—after an extremely brief courtship and while defying a one-year cooling-off period—but the lovers first met while Frémont was escorting an older Benton daughter to a Washington dance, so the senator's anger had more to do with a protégé's underhandedness than anything else; all were reconciled a few months later, over the Christmas holidays. David Nevin provides us with a good fiery confrontation between father and newlyweds, but simply has the senator give in at the end. What we miss is the chance to see Benton and Frémont really reconcile, set up their Western plans, and outline the strategy that gave Frémont a promotion and charge of his own major expedition, all in the service of Benton's determination to keep Oregon out of Britain's hands. Generally, in fact, though Nevin tries to keep Benton an important character in *Dream West*, he is also determined to pretend that Frémont achieved his promotions and expeditions without too much behind-the-scenes prompting from his father-in-law; as a result, Benton's role in this novel is more hollow than, I suspect, the author intended.

In short, Nevin simply cannot quite grasp one of our great American family conspiracies. There is some splendid reading in Frémont's reports, and there is more good reading in Frémont's memoirs, all of which were dictated to and discussed with Jessie. Somewhere in between, Senator Benton published his own monumental history of the years 1820 to 1850. All of these sources agree on events that are both family tradition and carefully manipulated history. The senator, his daughter, and his son-in-law all maintain, for example, that one of Frémont's expeditions was called back because of enemies in Washington, and that Jessie sent Frémont private word to leave for the West before the dispatches could reach him. Nevin repeats the story—damn it, it's a good story. It just isn't true: Jessie received the dispatches after John Charles was already on his way. If Nevin did all the research he claims, he sometimes had the good sense to ignore it; but still better would have been to catch this family in the midst of its own fascinating fictions. In short, we are in the presence of a myth, noble, influential, self-preserving, and worthy of both study and fiction. Nevin isn't quite able to see it. □

IRISH IS NOT ENOUGH

D. Keith Mano

Tin Wife, by Joe Flaherty (Simon & Schuster, 336 pp., $15.95)

TEARS WELLED *in her eyes. It was part anger. At times like these she remembered her class. He was 68 and useless. A retired maintenance man for the Transit Authority. Just another slob who worked with his mitts. What was forgotten was that he had a mind—a mind tough enough to represent his union for twenty years.*

The Irish were dumb. That was why they always had to fight with their fists. They couldn't use their noodle; they didn't have any to use. All they had up there was bone, hambone and cabbage. He thought

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of himself, so much cleverer than the Irish. The micks were lousy, all right. A race of beer guzzlers, flat-feets, red mugs and boneheads.

Could you distinguish paragraph X from paragraph Y? In style, voice, POV, and emotional sensibility they belong to the same maudlin, old-fangled-as-an-ankle-bracelet Irish-American school of fiction. Yet *Tin Wife* (paragraph X) came out this year—written by the late *Village Voice*-er Joe Flaherty. And Y was sewn together in 1932 by the much later James T. Farrell (*Young Lonigan*). Fifty-two years ago it might have seemed raw, social-realistic, psychological—for "popular-serious" fiction at least. In fact Farrell was already more obsolete than a pair of fawn-colored spats. By 1984—despite our monumental drive to explicitness—the style doesn't even twitch. Mawkish, self-indulgent, false-tough, bathetic at last: rather like a Virgin Mary with steel-tipped shoes on.

Both use the shifting (shiftless?) omniscient-subjective POV, which is an imprecise and bastardized mechanism. Look at paragraph X. The omniscient has told you that tears welled in her eyes. Simple statement. But "just another slob" is Sissy thinking aloud. You're supposed to accept that information and that language as you have accepted her tears. Yet they aren't, and can't be, equally factual. An omniscient-subjective novelist must employ terrific honestness of ear and characterization: otherwise it's tempting to defraud the reader. Farrell, even from this distance, is better—more consistent, anyhow. Throughout *Tin Wife* people muse in language that sounds too nice or too literate. (Sis will say "penned" and "*avec*." Her barkeep father can refer to sanitationmen as "Emperors of Ice Cream Wrappers." Bit allusive, that.) And they hemorrhage feeling.

> A Marine like his old man in Korea. What a mad legacy! He was proud to hand that down! Do men have any sanity at all? she wondered. If death wore a skirt, she would be the hottest number on the block.
>
> This was sentimental slop . . .

He said it (or she did), I didn't. Flaherty doesn't trust himself to express or control emotion: so his people take the bum rap for him.

Flaherty's Pat O'Brien male, "realistic" diction is, in truth, no tougher than a damp table water cracker. Let us agree that, of itself, the colloquial (even accurate colloquial) won't guarantee authentic tone. Street language in literature has too often been dissolved by insipid-sweet class-consciousness. Even your worst profanity can sound sentimental. "Another slob who worked with his mitts." Flaherty doesn't realize that "mitts" and "slob," because of their patronizing attitude, are weaker than "hands" and, say, "laborer." Farrell made the same pathetic gesture with "noodle" and "beer guzzlers" and "red mugs" (though he didn't turn "fists" into "mitts"). The irony is that both men were lower-middle-class (Flaherty had been a longshoreman). Their condescending archness comes from social guilt: fiction, intellect are a betrayal of origin. Sentimentality could be defined as reliance on some value outside art for effect (e.g., *Arrangement in Grey and Black* has become *Whistler's Mother*). Worker-is-good, poor-is-more-real undercut both Flaherty and Farrell. When it is done at length, and there are 336 long pp. in *Tin Wife*, it has the effect of drinking endocrine leakage.

Moreover, Flaherty wanted to write a book with *sweep*. This is the reflex of novelist-newspapermen. Sissy participates in 1955 and 1965 and 1975 historical Angst: Eisenhower, Vietnam drug culture happening, consciousness-lib—so that she can stand for, oh, America. Still, Sissy is just a half-educated lower-middle-class housewife. This day, as her cop husband receives posthumous commendation for (questionable) courage, she will flashback on childhood, courtship, marriage, and much disillusionment. Lower-middle-class women, though they may have been opinionated about feminism, for instance, seldom had actual commerce with Germaine Greer or Kate Millett types. Sissy is reporting (as her creator did). Those situations feel forced, improbable. Flaherty is much swifter on Irish home life and that social Jordan, the East River. Today you need a green card to reach Broadway from Flatbush Avenue.

But *de mortuis* something positive. *Tin Wife* has much of decency and good sense in it. There are compelling scenes (though the first half is one fat maunder). Flaherty's estimate of po-

"Vietnam" by Brandywine sculptor Charles Cropper Parks now available.

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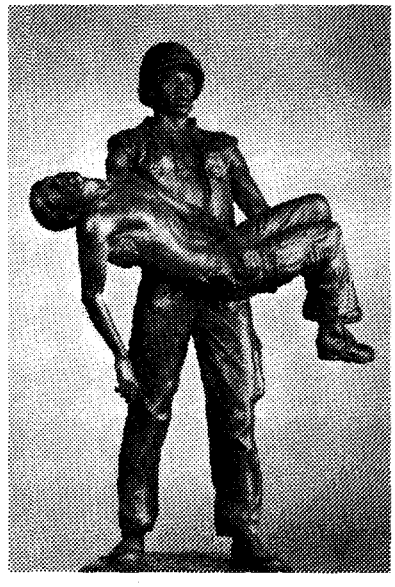

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lice work—dedication, compromise, bitterness, burnout, care, sacrifice—can't be far off. Yet his intense, shoulder-clapping, teary vocal level is what you'd hear in a Village pub, some joint named for O'Rourke or Muldoon, after the sixth beer. I was two, maybe three, drinks short of being simpatico. *Tin Wife* will again prove, as Jimmy Breslin does each day of his life, that it isn't enough to be Irish. □

DELECTATIONS

FRONT LEAVE

Nika Hazelton

A FEW WEEKS ago, my husband and I discovered the perfect mini-vacation—convenient, inexpensive, accessible by taxi from our New York apartment. In other words, we spent the weekend in a New York hotel.

The idea came to me from looking at the Sunday travel section of the *New York Times*, where hotels advertise cheap weekend rates to fill the house when the commercial gents who occupy them during the week have gone home (so I hope) for *their* weekend. The hotels are empty then, but they have to keep their staff on duty —and if you can't get full price for your rooms, well, half price, or whatever you can charge, is better than nothing. This situation prevails in all of our cities where business is done during the week (I did some checking), so, if you are interested, consult the travel section of your Sunday paper and make your choice. We decided to go to a part of the city less familiar to us than midtown; and, because we had heard nice things about the Vista International Hotel at the World Trade Center, we thought we'd explore the lower end of Manhattan, which includes Wall Street, the Battery, and City Hall. To be brief and truthful, we had a perfectly wonderful time, and we intend to repeat the performance whenever we get cabin fever.

Lower Manhattan is the place where things have been happening in New York ever since the World Trade Center swept out the old neighborhoods. The Vista, with its long, flat white modern façade, is wedged between the two towers of the World Trade Center overlooking the Hudson River and New Jersey. There has been an incredible amount of building in the area: American Express is building itself an enormous palace, next to another enormous temple of finance in the making, and condominiums are rising on landfill that is encroaching upon the river. (I could not help feeling that if the landfill continues to spread, the majestic Hudson will be significantly humbled, but I am told by experts that I need not fear.)

The great tourist attraction of this part of Manhattan is of course the South Street Seaport, a restoration-in-progress of New York's early-nineteenth-century seaport, where we visited the warehouses of Schermerhorn Row (1811), filled now with attractive boutiques selling madly desirable objects from which, however, I refrained. We also chose not to investigate the big sailing ships of yesteryear. Not being nautical, I don't know if they are schooners or clippers or what, but old-time sailing ships they are, and you can go aboard if you want to.

The nicest thing about the weekend was that we did all sorts of things we would never have done had not the Vista International alerted us to its weekend package. Steve Laise, the learned and affable executive director of Federal Hall, took us on a tour of the Heritage Trail, which includes all, but all, the sights of Lower Manhattan, from Trinity Church, Bowling Green, and Wall Street onward. We could also—courtesy of the hotel—have visited the Statue of Liberty, ridden bicycles, or taken the Staten Island ferry. We were not the types to take advantage of another Vista amenity, the Fitness Center on the top floors —where various exercise machines, a jogging track, a squash court, and a swimming pool will make you healthy if you wish it, all behind soaring windows overlooking the Hudson—but I did find it impressive. I was also impressed with the hotel rooms for handicapped people like myself, where the bathrooms are such that you always have plenty to hold onto, thus making cleanliness a pleasure rather than a chore as in most places I've stayed. The rooms are very pleasant and modern (the hotel has only been open for three years); ours overlooked the river and Miss Liberty, now shrouded in scaffolding for her much-needed facelift; on the other side the view is of the World Trade Center Plaza.

A lifetime of travel has taught me to judge a hotel by its room service. Room service at the Vista is available 24 hours a day, but in the small hours only cold food is offered, although the choice is good. Alas, gone are the days when hotels had a kitchen on every floor with a cook/waiter in attendance round the clock; I last experienced this now-departed luxury years ago in the Angleterre in Copenhagen.

My husband and I, taking it easy, ate our meals at the hotel, though heaven knows there are enough fancy, medium-fancy, and plain eating places in Lower Manhattan. Also, it sounded attractive to eat in an American Harvest Restaurant, as the Vista's elegant restaurant is called. The room is lovely, quiet, and luxurious, and the regional dishes are very good indeed—especially the appetizers, vegetables, and

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desserts—but not, thank heaven, what you could call "folksy." We ate breakfast in our room, but lunched, and brunched on Sunday, at the hotel's Greenhouse, which enchanted us with its enviably healthy house plants soaring to the skylight, a splendid view of the World Trade Center towers, and a reasonably priced wine bar. The Sunday brunch offered the most copious and freshest choice of foods, served with the graciousness we had come to expect from the Vista.

We returned home delighted and refreshed. As we told our friends, it was a joy to get away without the trouble of having to get a cat-sitter, make plane reservations, and so on. Also, this kind of mini-vacation gives you the chance to explore a part of your town that you would not otherwise be likely to get to. All the better hotels give you a good deal, and they offer them year-round too. A friend of mine, who took her mini-vacation in her home town of Washington, D.C., said that she had no trouble getting someone to look after her children for so short a time, and she loved them much more for having been away from them for two nights. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Other Man: Conversations with Graham Greene, by Marie-Françoise Allain (Simon & Schuster, 176 pp., $13.95)

ASKED IF he were disappointed at not winning the Nobel Prize last year, Graham Greene said no, he was waiting for an even bigger prize. Asked what that was, he replied, "Death." This eschatological perspective is what we find in *The Other Man*, a new and rare collection of interviews with Greene by the French journalist Marie-Françoise Allain. "I am not a Catholic novelist," Greene insists. "I am a novelist who happens to be Catholic. The theme of human beings lonely without God is a legitimate subject. To want to deal with that doesn't make me a theologian." Yet there is a preponderance of Catholic characters in Greene's novels, from *Brighton Rock* to *The Honorary Consul* to *Monsignor Quixote*. And they are not Easter Sunday Catholics: Their lives are shaped by their interpretation, however skewed, of Christian verities. Catholicism gives Greene's characters the peculiar moral force they embody. Greene says this is simply because "Human beings are more important to believers than they are to atheists." This book reveals Greene as an artist mesmerized by the beauty and challenge of Catholicism ("The basic element I admire in Christianity is its sense of moral failure," he tells Mme. Allain), for which he makes an aesthetic case in his novels, yet also as a man struggling to remain orthodox even as he is drawn toward Communism and what he calls "the dangerous edge of things"—the narrow boundary between loyalty and heresy, faith and skepticism, belief and rejection. DINESH D'SOUZA

The Klondike Quest: A Photographic Essay, by Pierre Berton (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 240 pp., $50)

FROM MIDSUMMER 1897 to midsummer 1899, more than thirty thousand intrepid men, dreaming of riches, stormed the Klondike in search of gold. In this large-format album of period photographs, Pierre Berton, the author also of a history of that gold rush, remarks: "These men had learned that they were capable of feats none could have imagined possible in the years before the stampede"—feats such as carrying all their food and supplies over trails impassable by pack animals and over mountain passes that were little more than sheer walls of ice. After this, the prospector had to build his own boat and navigate five hundred miles of river, canyon, and rapids, to the boomtown of Dawson, gateway to the goldfields. But then, as Mr. Berton writes, after nine months of clawing through the wilderness in the face of "appalling hazards," something odd happened to many of them: "They should, by all evidence, have rushed headlong for the gold creeks, yet thousands did no such thing. . . . Emotional lassitude dominated—after the tensions of the trail, something had snapped. Men wandered about, eyes glazed, like inebriates. All their energies had been funneled into one driving purpose: to reach the land of gold. Well, they had reached it; and now, in the phrase of the day, they were 'used up.' For them the adventure was over; there were no more barriers to breach." Many more of them, of course, did work the fields, and a few of these hit the jackpot; but it is the image of those others that haunts the memory. Mr. Berton possesses that rare virtue, knowledge of the human heart, and *The Klondike Quest* is more a memorial to the pioneer spirit than a simple, factual history of looking for gold in the Far North. The two hundred photographs he has collected from various archives and libraries have been freshly developed right from the glass plates, and are heart-stirring. JOE MYSAK

This Man and Music, by Anthony Burgess (McGraw-Hill, 192 pp., $14.95)

ANTHONY BURGESS'S secret life is revealed at last: He's a frustrated composer. Not that it was much of a secret, of course, but we now get the details, including a complete list of compositions written between 1934 and 1982. (Among the more intriguing entries: *The Blooms of Dublin*, "an operetta based on James Joyce's *Ulysses*"; *Sinfoni Malaya*, "for orchestra and brass band and shouts of 'Merdeka' from the audience"; and a duet for harmonica and piano called "Tommy Reilly's Maggot.") We also get a delightful memoir of a misspent youth called "Biographia Musicalis" and a long, shrewd, erratic treatise on "those areas where music and literature undoubtedly meet—uncomplicated regions where musical rhythm elucidates prosody or symphonic structure has something to say to the reader of fiction." Non-musical readers of fiction need not tremble *too* much, since Burgess has done his level best to clear away the underbrush; those whose interests are as broad as Burgess's will be alternately fascinated and horrified by his speculations; Burgess fans will appreciate this new piece of an old, warped puzzle. TERRY TEACHOUT

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MEXICAN CANT

NEW YORK, JUNE 1

FULLY TO understand the president of Mexico, Mr. de la Madrid, requires the patience of an archaeologist. Chaucer would be easier to handle than the president's English. Granted that the speech was rendered in Spanish, but the translation must have been approved by Mr. de la Madrid, a graduate of the Harvard Business School. Indicative of the difficulty the reader has is: "In our imperfect society of nations, the impossibility of coercive enforcement of international law does not detract from its legal validity and the obligatory force of its decisions." In Tom-hit-the-baseball prose, that means: "Just because the international court of justice can't enforce its ruling that mining the harbors of Nicaragua is a violation of international law doesn't mean the U.S. shouldn't abide by its decision." On the other hand, inscrutability helps, given the decision of Mexico's chief of state to lecture the U.S. on its behavior in Central America, and in general.

Mr. de la Madrid was interpreted as opposing the United States Government's decision to oppose, by military force as required, the attempt at colonization by the Soviet Union, via Cuba and Nicaragua, of El Salvador.

Now one of Mr. de la Madrid's difficulties here in gaining credibility is that Mexico has zero record of opposition to Soviet colonialism in Cuba, or to the Cuban tyranny. Mr. de la Madrid's predecessor, Mr. López Portillo, went to Havana not long before leaving office and embraced Fidel Castro, applauding him for bringing "dignity" to his people. *His* predecessor, Mr. Echeverría, spoke of Castro in terms normally reserved for Simón Bolívar. It is beyond my humble powers as a researcher to find a single flinty reference by a Mexican president to the totalitarian practices of the bearded monster who landed in Cuba after having taken sanctuary in Mexico. One can only conclude that the president of Mexico sees no problem in an extension to El Salvador of the kind of life led by Cubans under Castro, which is to say the life of slaves.

Moreover, the president of Mexico proceeded to lecture Congress on the causes of Central American strife, as though he were a visiting Christopher Dodd Professor of Latin American History. "We are convinced that the Central American conflict is a result of the economic deficiencies, political backwardness, and social injustice that have afflicted the countries of the area." One need not deny that all these factors have afflicted the countries of the area in order to go on to ask: What does the importation of Castroism do to alleviate any of these afflictions?

If indeed a huge transfusion of totalitarianism is the answer to such problems, the president of Mexico should invite Castro to govern Mexico. Mr. de la Madrid would hardly dispute the economic deficiencies of his own country, where the peso is worth 16 per cent of what it was worth eight years ago, Mr. de la Madrid's patrons and buddies having milked the public purse with a greed greater than that of Ali Baba. In Mexico, political democracy is defined as rule by a single political party. The president of Mexico paused to harangue America about our high interest rate. He neglected to ponder the question why a high American interest rate should be the concern of Mexico. If Mexico didn't owe money to the United States, America's interest rate would be of no concern to Mexico. Doesn't that follow?

Two presidents back from de la Madrid, the foreign debt of Mexico was about $3 billion. By the time Echeverría was through building his indoor swimming pools, the debt had risen to $33 billion. By the time López Portillo was through ordering his gold faucets for his castles, the debt was more than $80 billion. During this period of Scheherazadian economic profligacy, what was done for the Mexican working man? Well, if he belonged to the union of oil workers, quite a lot. They managed graft on a scale comparable with that of their political bosses. The head of the Mexican police force managed to build a residence that makes the homes of Arab sheiks look like Tobacco Road. The Mexican working man suffered the loss of 75 per cent of his savings to inflation, and was catapulted into poverty. All this adds up, in the reckoning of this graduate of the Harvard Business School, to an indictment not of Mexican policies but of the United States.

There is no reason to doubt that President Reagan talked as candidly with President de la Madrid as he did with the American people and Congress a week ago. One hopes he said to his guest that the United States has nothing whatever against diplomacy exerted by the Contadora group. The trouble with the Contadora group is that Nicaragua pays no attention to it. The only people who do are diplomats of the UN stripe, who specialize in making the world safe for Communist aggression. □

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN

NEW YORK, JUNE 4

DURING THE past weeks, I have heard explicitly, implicitly, and obliquely the same refrain: The Soviet Union is, after all, doing nothing different to the United States from what the United States did to the Soviet Union only four years ago, so how can you blame it?

I swear, if we lose the cold war with the Soviet Union, it's going to be because of the triumph of *tu quoque*. That is what Olympic philosophers call it; and indeed it translates, literally, as "You too." Or, in the vernacular, "So's your old man."

It is the principal polemical weapon not only of the Soviet Union and its apologists, but also of those who, notwithstanding that they could know better, don't know better. An entire school of historical industry in America pursues *tu quoque*. They call it "revisionism." Its thesis is that the Soviet Union is, after all, only doing the same kind of thing the United States does. Just as the United States developed an atom bomb, so the Soviet Union needed to do so. We tap phones, they tap phones. We interfere with elections, they interfere with elections. We have a sphere of influence, they have a sphere of influence. This is ideological egalitarianism in the extreme. It has the same effect on the vision as you would have if you contrived, from the heavens, to view a set of prison bars, detecting one man on one side of

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those bars, another man on the other side of the bars. And you comment, simply, that the two men are separated by bars: Nothing else is distinct. It is only when you come down from the clouds that suddenly the focus clears, and you can see that one man is the criminal, the other man, his jailer.

There were two schools of thought about the Olympics, back in February 1980, when President Carter decided to boycott them. The first was that athletics and politics should never mix. The second, that you should use any nonmilitary weapon you can put your hands on to attempt to concert your opposition to a world power that is seeking to make life as hideous for the whole of the world as it has succeeded in doing for its own people and those over which it presides.

Now we are not at all consistent in this. I always thought that the best argument against pulling out of the Olympics was precisely that inconsistency. We were causing athletes to suffer, or at least causing them inconvenience, while not prepared to make farmers, and traders, and businessmen, and tourists suffer or endure inconvenience. But President Carter also clapped an embargo on the shipment of grain to the Soviet Union, and in doing so tended to move toward consistency rather than away from it.

Now President Reagan has not helped to clarify this problem in the least. I refer to his unguarded answer to a question about the Soviets pulling out of the Olympics. What he said to the questioner was that two thousand years ago, Attic states at war with each other would not permit their fighting to interfere with their Olympic games. He followed this with a sigh. "Sometimes I wonder whether in all those years we are making progress instead of moving backward."

Mr. Reagan's statement was not helpful in two senses. In the first place, indirectly he was suggesting that Mr. Carter had been ill-advised in pulling out of the Olympics. If so, then candidate Reagan was extremely ill-advised in applauding him, back in 1980, for having done so. And we might recall, while we are at it, that it was President Reagan who resumed agricultural trade with the Soviet Union, and his Secretary of Agriculture who said fawningly that never ever again would the United States suspend agricultural trade.

The subtle philosophical poison here is that people tend to forget that the invasion of Afghanistan was a grave strategic enterprise of weighty geopolitical resonance, indeed that the dirty war continues even to this day. So that by declaring "even Steven," the Soviet Union manages to equate our boycott of the Moscow Olympics with its boycott of the Los Angeles Olympics, and the factor of Afghanistan is slowly lost in the mists of reason. And, listening to ourselves, we sound like Henry Wallace, who in 1948 was declaring that the Soviets weren't doing to us anything different from what we were doing to them. The awful difference is that then, the Communist Party was directing the Wallace movement. We, however, are responsible for what we are saying. □

KNOW THINE ENEMY

NEW YORK, JUNE 6

ALTHOUGH IT has always been obvious that you must to yourself be true before you can know that you will not be false to any man, the intuition sat around for a long time waiting for Shakespeare to express it in poetry. A corollary of it is that we cannot understand the enemy without knowing something about him. In an age in which this is supremely important, attention to the inquiry is derivatively important. It is an axiom of modern counterintelligence that it is less important to know what the enemy can do to you than it is to know what he intends to do to you.

A heavy introduction, the above, but worth it to suggest the reasons for reading Carlos Franqui's book. Here are one or two things to say about it that penetrate the Berlin Wall that tends to squat between reader and book. The first of these is that the translation from the Spanish is so gifted—so blessedly idiomatic, so poetically vernacular—that one pauses, every few pages, to wonder how it was possible. Robert MacAdam, who accomplished this, is a professor at Barnard College, and he has translated such challenging writers as Jorge Luis Borges —so we should not be surprised that he can handle, in so masterly a fashion, the work of a professional journalist who was the chief publicist of Fidel Castro during the critical four years after he achieved power. But that the translator should have succeeded in getting out of it paragraphs and whole chapters that Ernest Hemingway would have been happy to submit to his editors says something tremendous either about the translator, or else about the author: more likely, I judge, about both. Whichever, the boon to the reader is enormous.

Now this is an important point. Because it isn't easy to read the work of many of the apostates from Communism. To begin with, they are very numerous. And then they do not, on the whole, translate well. This leads to boredom for the American reader and (I think of one or two friends) a tacit pledge never again to plow through the work of a defector.

It is the moment to say that *Family Portrait with Fidel* would be an engrossing book to read even if it were fiction. Instead, it is an inside look into the most infamous ideological family ever to have taken over and then ruled by force a substantial nation within this hemisphere. Fidel Castro came to power on the first day of the new year in 1959 and, by charisma, guile, charm, dissimulation, and ruthlessness, emerged as the undisputed and unchallengeable leader of Soviet Cuba. He had here the disadvantage of mixing frequently with a witty man of the people, son of sugar workers, an intellectual and a socialist, whose eyes are numinously endowed. Carlos Franqui looked at Castro, and saw through him, saw through to the devastation he was bringing to the Cuban soul. The day-by-day account of meetings with Castro, with his brother Raúl, with members of the "cabinet," the descriptions of the behavior of the principals during the missile crisis, make for the kind of reading that leaves the reader, when, reluctantly, he puts the book down, saying: "I think I now know those birdies."

To know is neither to admire nor, necessarily, to hate. Hatred can be a galvanizing force, but it is not necessarily therapeutic in any hygienic sense. The great surgeon does not address the inflamed appendix with the words: "I'll get you, you s.o.b.!" But he understands what it is that he seeks to excise, and why it is required that he should proceed to do so.

Considerable efforts, many of them manifestly reluctant, are being made to understand what went wrong with the Castro mess. There is a documentary now called *Improper Conduct*, which with agonizing precision pieces together the testimony of men and women who have witnessed the singular cruelty of Fidel Castro and his regime. They add to our store of knowledge, and do so with great effect. But the traditional invitations to cultural exchange tend to suffer from marginal irrelevance.

Unhappily, most of the international cross-cultural campaigns have us looking at local characteristics (How do Cubans dance? What is their poetry like? Their music?). All of this is interesting, but Carlos Franqui, in this remarkable book, tells us what Fidel Castro is like, and that knowledge is worth the gold of Fort Knox. Besides which, the pleasure of learning about it can't be different from that of juggling bars of Fort Knox gold, and the work is lighter. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What amateur actors suffer from (2 words)
19 32 100 122 71 174 191 24 58 66
86

B. A warm place, as in the Middle East (2 words)
2 104 189 135 11 111 197

C. Filled with reverence and dread
160 1 29 136 152 57 115 77 94

D. Not wide
35 130 59 90 127 143

E. Prominent, but weak
47 164 4 149 99 17 78

F. What a non-parlor story is (hyph.)
79 105 124 91 175 139 185 82

G. A throw at dice
118 9 31 188 112 20 140

H. Packaged again
134 22 61 176 153 187 106 141 40

I. Town in Sierra County, New Mexico
13 30 36 53 62

J. Former capital of Turkey
144 101 96 155 180 169 195 12

K. An item used in the laundry (2 words)
8 14 49 97 119 132 147 196 56 72
81

L. A twice-defeated GOP presidential nominee
194 98 165 108 159

M. What the slow footman, rodman, and yardman did
107 172 177 33 133 116

N. Wins
167 34 131 125 92 63 41 117 103

O. A Greek letter
5 39 48 69

P. Neat
142 166 15 150 44 198

Q. Teeth, shoes, or train accommodations
75 16 137 190 45 113

R. To make a pretense of
121 25 84 46 148 126

S. One of the Philippines
154 27 199 128 50

T. A little girl adopted by one's parents (2 words)
43 51 6 38 67 70 73 85 95 114
129 161

U. State of being marked by flashy vulgarity
21 7 26 42 102 109 146 163 178 37
64

V. An ancient land in Africa
158 145 182 123 74 52 151 171

W. Productive without waste
183 80 88 168 184 179 54 193 156

X. Trifles
23 89 192 181 120

Y. Part of a church service
83 55 110 138 28 173 93 76 68

Z. Female monkeys might be referred to thus (2 words)
186 60 65 157 162 170 3 10 18 87

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 C	2 B	3 Z	4 E		5 O	6 T		7 U	8 K		9 G	10 Z	11 B	12 J	13 I		14 K
15 P	16 Q	17 E	18 Z	19 A		20 G	21 U	22 H		23 X	24 A	25 R	26 U	27 S	28 Y	29 C	30 I	31 G
	32 A	33 M	34 N	35 D	36 I	37 U		38 T	39 O		40 H	41 N	42 U	43 T	44 P	45 Q	46 R	47 E
48 O		49 K	50 S	51 T	52 V	53 I	54 W		55 Y	56 K	57 C		58 A	59 D	60 Z	61 H	62 I	63 N
64 U		65 Z	66 A	67 T	68 Y		69 O	70 T	71 A		72 K		73 T	74 V	75 Q	76 Y	77 C	78 E
	79 F	80 W		81 K	82 F	83 Y	84 R	85 T	86 A	87 Z		88 W	89 X	90 D		91 F	92 N	93 Y
94 C	95 T		96 J	97 K	98 L		99 E	100A	101J	102U	103N		104B	105F		106H	107M	108L
109U		110Y	111B	112G		113Q	114T	115C	116M	117N	118G	119K	120X		121R		122A	123V
124F	125N		126R	127D		128S	129T	130D	131N	132K	133M	134H	135B		136C	137Q	138Y	139F
140G	141H	142P		143D	144J	145V	146U		147K		148R	149E	150P	151V	152C	153H	154S	
155J		156W	157Z	158V	159L		160C	161T	162Z		163U	164E	165L		166P		167N	168W
169J	170Z	171V	172M	173Y		174A	175F	176H	177M	178U		179W	180J		181X	182V	183W	
184W	185F	186Z	187H	188G	189B	190Q	191A		192X	193W	194L	195J	196K	197B	198P	199S		

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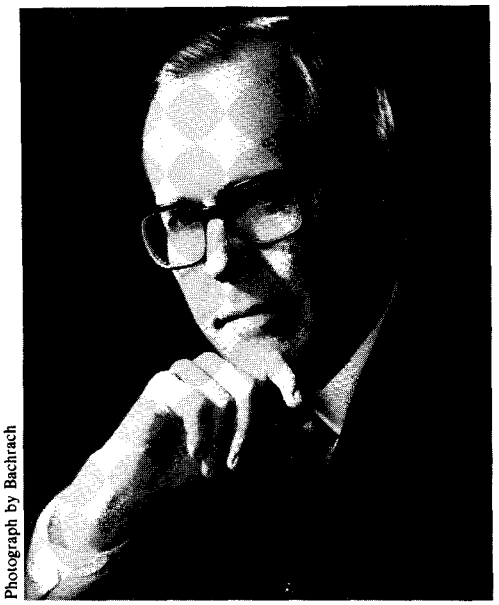

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